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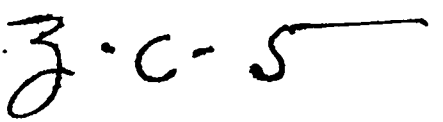

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GLENDALOUGH.

London Richard Bentley New Burlington Street

178

A

SUMMER VISIT

TO

IRELAND

IN 1846.

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BY

MRS. FREDERIC WEST.

Z.C.S

Dia llama á otro dia,
Y así llama y encadena,
Llanto á llanto, y pena á pena.
CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

Z-C-S

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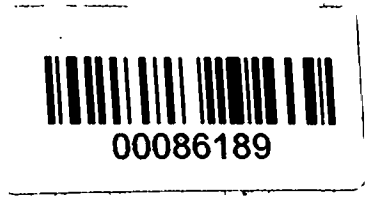

TO

HIS MEMORY

FROM WHOM I IMBIBED MY EARLIEST AND TRUEST NOTIONS

OF

LIBERTY, JUSTICE, TRUTH, AND HUMANITY,

AND WHO INSPIRED ME

WITH AN UNDYING LOVE AND SYMPATHY

FOR THE SISTER COUNTRY,

ARE THESE PAGES, DEDICATED,

WITH REVERENTIAL AFFECTION,

BY THE AUTHORESS.

PREFACE.

"When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the country where he hath travelled altogether behind him."

BACON'S ESSAYS OF TRAVEL.

EVERY one has different notions as to the wording of a Preface: I have adopted the novel mode of prefixing a motto to *it* as well as to my first chapter, because I *wish it to be read,* and hope to draw attention to it, under the shadow of the great name that ushers it in.

Those who look for science in this little volume will be disappointed, the writer having little acquaintance with the ologies; all she can boast of being a tolerably acute pair of ears and eyes, a good memory, and an insatiable thirst for seeing new countries. Add to these what may make her not unacceptable to some readers, and what her Irish

friends call an "Irish heart," *anglicè*, a very warm interest in the Emerald Isle; a very deep sympathy for its misfortunes; a very vivid perception of the many great qualities and extraordinary natural talents of its warm-hearted inhabitants; and a very strong admiration of its antiquities, and beautiful scenery.

I do not pretend to assign *every* cause for the variety of sufferings wherewith Ireland has been, and is afflicted. I merely attempt to sketch with a faithful pencil the *effects* hourly passing before my eyes. With a pencil that shall "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice," I leave to my readers, the deduction of the *causes* of these effects, and their cure.

If the source of a fountain be polluted, the streams that flow forth must be impure, until such time as *that* shall be cleansed.

I have not attempted either to swell my book with descriptions of the "castles, palaces, courts of justice, theatres, and public buildings in general," which Lord Bacon recommends to the notice of travellers, and of which every town of common pretension is possessed, but which circumstances forbade my visiting. I have traced my steps through the

medium of no hand-book, but simply as I pursued my way, noting all that I saw *en passant*.

I send my *bookeen* forth with great diffidence, but with strong hope. The public sympathies are at last awakened towards Ireland. My object in travelling through it, was to satisfy myself of its actual condition, through the medium of my own senses, and to exhort my English countrymen to "go and do likewise."

Should I succeed in persuading *any* to spend *there*, even for "a season," a portion of the wealth bestowed upon them by Providence, my end will be answered, and my reward multifold. They will be received with the "cead mile failte" so grateful to the ear of the way-farer, and have the satisfaction of feeling they have helped to *do good*, while diverting themselves.

T. C. I. W.

ARNEWOOD HOUSE.
APRIL 29, 1847.

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A

SUMMER VISIT TO IRELAND.

Hapless nation! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked by blood and tears!

Hapless nation! hapless land!
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight,
And by worse—domestic hate.

God of Mercy! God of Peace!
Make the mad confusion cease!
O'er the mental chaos move,
Though it *speak* the light of love!"

DRENNAN.

After having for several years earnestly desired to visit Ireland, it was with very vivid feelings of pleasure and curiosity that I crossed the channel on the 10th of July, 1846, from Holyhead to Kingstown.

The day was bright, the wind fair; and though

the tide was against us, we made an excellent passage in H.M. steamer, Sprightly, Captain Moon; which I can commend as a good sea-boat, "stiff as a church," and the Captain, with all under him, were full of politeness and attention.

We embarked at half-past six in the evening, and were landed on Kingstown Pier at half-past one in the morning. I strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of the far-famed Bay of Dublin, having been prevented by the "*maladie de mer*" from being on deck when we entered it; but I could only see the brilliant lights of the harbour, and was glad—faint and weary after my voyage—to take possession of the very comfortable and handsome apartments secured for us at Rathbone's Hotel by the kind forethought of Sir George Cockburn.

Only one soul was up in the house—a very civil man, who turned out to be "the Boots;" and he, armed with a brace of flat candlesticks, lighted us up to a pretty bed-room, where a very inviting-looking bed was made up in the smallest possible compass for *one;* with the feather-bed uppermost, tucked between a snowy pair of sheets, so as almost to look like a good-sized pillow. This had to be

re-made, and no chambermaid was to be got, whereupon Mr. West and his valet performed the office of bed-makers, while I went with my poor sick abigail to coax something to eat out of "the Boqts."

I shall give our dialogue verbatim; for I laughed heartily at this my first introduction to Irish ways. I commenced the palaver.

"What can you give us to eat?—We are very hungry. Will you bring us some tea?"

"Sure if I brought it ye wouldn't be able to drink it, for the wather here is bad."

"What!—so bad you can't make tea?"

"Sure it is. The wather of this counthry is bad."

"But don't people ever drink tea here?"

"Sure they do; but iviry one is gone to bed, and there's no boiling wather."

"Well, what can you bring us? We must have something."

"Sure the barmaid's gone to bed. Will I bring ye some wine and wather, and a few biscuits?"

"I would rather have tea; but if I *can't* have it, why bring the wine."

"And if I *could* bring the tay t' ye, d'ye think now I *wouldn't?*"

Boots vanished, and presently returned with a bottle of wine, and a jug of smoking hot water.

"Why, my good man," quoth I, "here *is boiling water!* Now just bring me some tea, and three tea-cups, and a jug of milk, and we'll see if we can't make some tea."

"Sure I'll bring it t'ye. And may be whin ye've made it, ye'll not be able to dhrink it. 'Tis our wather is bad—'tis pump wather it is!"

The poor, good-humoured fellow was right enough: the apparatus *was* brought, and the tea made; but somehow, when it came to be poured out, two thirds of the cup was sheer sand. So we went to bed supperless and uncomfortable; but I did not mind it, for was I not in Ireland after all?

Five hours after we reached Kingstown, the joy-bells were ringing in another arrival — that of Lord Besborough, the new Viceroy, who had crossed from Liverpool to Dublin, and was warmly welcomed.

July 11.—The view from the sitting-room windows was very pretty. The sea lay like a pool, so still and calm; and myriads of little vessels within the

pier, speckled the Bay. Some belonging to the Yacht Club, with their gay streamers; some with picturesque tan-sails—mere fishing-boats; merchant craft drying their canvass, and barques flying hither and thither, all reflected clearly on the waters. In front, looking very like Capri, was Howth, whose soft, beautiful outline is lovely from all points.

The eternal racket of the Kingstown Railway, alone detracted from the scene: those straight lines, and ugly monsters of machines, form a hideous foreground to every landscape.

By mid-day we were sufficiently recruited to set off for Bray, where I was all impatience to arrive.

The drive from Kingstown to this town is very pretty, dotted with villas and seats the whole way, and flanked by low, grassy hills. But never shall I forget the first sight of *the Irish cabin!*—four stone walls, a very small window, thatched roof, and chimney, compose it; and at the entrance, or inside sat, or lounged women, naked to the knees many of them; their clothes—if so their rags could be called—hanging in shreds about their bosoms, scarcely decent. Hair dishevelled, feet bare, and disgustingly dirty; squalid, pale countenances, the very reverse of pretty, and surrounded by swarms of

tattered, unwashed, uncombed, bare-footed children. Some were knitting, some washing clothes; some had pipes in their mouths, some were scratching and picking themselves—most doing nothing. One family had constructed their habitation on the broken arch of a bridge, round which it was evident the winter torrents eddied. And all this in the sight of the numerous and wealthy proprietors of country-seats and villas, and at the very gates of the capital!

Beggars, blind and lame, had stationed themselves on a hill, vociferously asking alms, and calling on the name of God, in a manner quite shocking to unaccustomed ears. One of the chief drawbacks to improvement in Ireland being apparently the sturdy mendicants that prey upon each other, as well as the public. I think the enforcement of the Vagrant Act, as in England, now that the people have Unions wherein to shelter, would be a very great social gain.

The post-boy who drove us from Kingstown was a great amusement to me. Under his queer, high, shallow-brimmed hat, cocked on one side, he wore a white night-cap. His eye had little speculation in it: his nose might be denominated tuberculous.

To the protruding jaw of the ape, he added a pair of cheeks so oddly puffed out, as to resemble a monkey pouching his nuts against a future occasion. One shoulder was considerably elevated above the other; and he kept a sidelong glance fixed on the off-horse, which gave him the effect of being wry-necked. I never beheld so grotesque a being. His nether-man was cased in a pair of jackboots, and a greasy blue jacket and corduroys completed his costume. He drove well, however, only evincing a considerable leaning towards the beggars as we descended the hill where, as aforesaid, a gang of them occupied certain stations. For he kept almost in the ditch, so as to allow them space for running and bawling beside the carriage, he going as slowly as possible the while. This worthy was just the sort of Irish boy one sees in a caricature, or on the stage; and I never met with his equal during my gallop through his country.

We shortly arrived at Shanganagh Castle, the abode of our expecting friends—Sir George and Lady Cockburn.* Here we were most kindly and hospitably entertained in a handsome house, abounding in curiosities, antique and modern: with

* See Appendix A.

every enjoyment heightened by agreeable society, and exquisite music.

Here I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Weld of Ravenswell, of antiquarian celebrity, (to whose kindness I owe some most gratifying hours passed in the Museums of Dublin), and Sir George Hodson, whose taste has laid out a little Eden at Hollybrook, which he has embellished within by the productions of his own pencil.

Among Sir George Cockburn's treasures are two fine pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Kitty Fisher, and Mrs. Jordan: the former a piquante, but sullen-countenanced brunette, with a quaint, little, peaked, black hat like Minerva's helmet, that throws a shadow over the brow and eyes. It is impossible for the painter's skill to go further than Sir Joshua's in depicting the exquisite sweetness and archness of Mrs. Jordan's fair, bright face, and "laughing teeth."

In the General's "Piccolo Vaticano" are preserved —among numerous valuable *alti-rilievi*, and inscriptions—the bones of noble Romans, out of the Rufini Tomb. The inscription of one sepulchral urn is copied, and inserted into the wall: it

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KILLINY & DALKY ISLAND FROM SHANGANAGH.

London: Richard Bentley New Burlington Street

is a sweet apostrophe from the mother to her child—

LUPRIUS AVCTOS
V. A. XXIII.
QUOD TU MI DEBEBAS
FACERE EGO TIBI
FACIO MATER PIA.

"What thou should'st have done for me, I, tender mother, do for thee!" is the General's translation. How little did these poor ancients imagine their ashes would ever have been transported from their own sunny resting-place, to this, their *ultima thule!* Peace to their shades!

From the windows of Shanganagh you see in perfection the greater and lesser Sugar-Loaf mountains; Bray Head, a most striking promontory, besides the granite steeps of Killiny Bay, and Dalkey Island with its ruined churches.

Facing the entrance stands an old Greek column on which is an inscription commemorative of the passing of the Reform Bill; and a basalt pillar from the Giant's Causeway is placed opposite the library window. This is a noble room, full of treasures in books and engravings. The billiard-room and tribune contain many good paintings and

morceaux of sculpture, and I bewailed the necessity which compelled me to so very cursory a glance at what promised entertainment for days and days.

July 12.—After strolling through the walks and terraces of this sweet place, Captain Heyman and Anna, Mr. West and I, drove to Bray Head, round whose wild and rugged summit, Lord Meath has cut judiciously planned drives.

In one spot where we commanded a bird's eye view of the Wicklow coast on the right, and that between Bray and Dalkey Island on the left, I stood on a projecting cliff covered with heather and furze that goes sheer down to the sea,—a depth of three or four hundred feet.

Down this tremendous precipice an unhappy gentleman was hurled a summer or two since in the very sight of his companions;—he was, of course, dashed to pieces. The accident arose out of a vain effort to regain his hat, blown off by the wind. He rushed carelessly forward, and, losing his footing, the catastrophe ensued.

No pen can do justice to the beauty of this scene, and the climate resembles none I ever was in. The air is pure, balmy, and elastic,—softer, because less dry than that of Italy; but the effects of the

atmosphere on distant objects are the same. That soft haze which is not damp, producing an exquisite tone of coloring; the clear blue of the sea, transparent almost to its depths; the varying tints upon the hills; the excessive height of the azure vault above; —all reminded me of a day in May at Rome. And the pleasure of breathing! I do not remember ever respiring any air, in which the lungs seemed to have such free and perfect play, as in that of Wicklow, —beautiful Wicklow!—well named the garden of Ireland! I shall always look back with the greatest pleasure to the happy days, few in number as they were, spent among the fertile valleys, breezy hills, and beautiful demesnes of this charming county.

. We made a successful effort to see Kilruddery, Lord Meath's place—a handsome, plain, Elizabethan structure in granite. The balustrade round the terrace struck me as singularly light and appropriate, formed of rather large rings in granite linked together. In front of it clumps of lime, laurels and arbutus are gracefully disposed on the turf; and between straight grassy walks, long fish-ponds extend, on which the swans sat motionless, as though they were only beautiful porcelain images.

These are backed by shrubberies, terminating in an avenue of broad-branching, venerable linden trees. The grounds are laid out in what our very civil Cicerone called the Dutch style, or what I have been accustomed to consider as the French *allées vertes;* like the chase at the Stupanigi Palace, near Turin. Broad, grassy glades, hedged in by horn-beam fifteen or twenty feet high, every now and then widened to a circle whence branched off in either side three more such delicious summer walks. The shrubberies are of gigantic Portugal laurels, bays, one of which we measured eight feet round, red cedar, deciduous cypress, arbutus, and other evergreens. There is a clump of yew trees towering up to a great height, all single stems, and an avenue of ilex, the largest in Ireland:—one tree is fourteen feet in girth.

I was pleased with a deep still pool or fountain surrounded by hedges of beach at least twenty-five feet high, through which lofty arches are cut; and the whole air of the place was scented with that which to me is the most delicious of all perfumes, the flowers of the linden tree. All over Ireland this most beautiful of trees flourishes; it seems as great a favourite as in its mother country, Germany, or

in France: but the ash is the peculiar tree of Ireland.

Lord Meath is excessively good to the poor on his estate; and they seemed to be well paid, and well off in house and fuel from all we could gather.

We observed some crops of hay, beyond anything luxuriant; they were just preparing to mow. Potatoes were beginning to fail here. Bray Head is thickly planted with them, and we noticed fine blossoms, pink, lilac, and white; the latter are "lumpers," and disesteemed, so we were informed by the sapient Nicholas, our conductor, whose taste for the picturesque made him pause wherever a break through the firs displayed the loveliness of Killiny Bay to our delighted gaze in our descent to Kilruddery.

July 13.—A more exquisite day never dawned upon travellers. Dupaty says, "*un beau jour c'est une fête que le ciel donne à la terre.*" This was a "white day" to me in every way, for I was to make my first pilgrimage to what I have so often longed to see—a Round Tower—and with very agreeable companions.

We started at 10 A.M. for Glendalough, Captain and Miss Heyman, Mr. West and myself, and young

Hermann on the rumble, a gleesome school-boy enjoying everything. We wound up some steep hills on the side of the great Sugar-Loaf, through a wild picturesque defile strewn with blocks of granite, passing several neat farms with gardens and clipped hedges; and from the summit, the smiling valley below is perfectly beautiful, with the glittering domes of Powerscourt towering over all the various richly wooded demesnes; on the right hand, the scalp, a most curious dip between the hills, fills up the opposite side of the vale. This pass I was told consists of enormous masses of granite tumbled about, with trees intermingled,—a curious freak of nature's.

Great part of the road after this ascent lies across a bog, patches of which are cultivated; and over the pastures lie scattered great granite boulders; an occasional cabin reared by the side of them, and looking like an excrescence from the stone, more than a human habitation.

Roundwood supplied us with fresh horses: it possesses a clean, tidy inn. Emerging from bog, out of which the old black stumps were sticking up, we skirted the rocky shores, fringed with ash and birch, of the river Avonmore, passing through

the pretty village of Annamoe. Such sweet names! All the rest of the way is wild and pretty to the Bridge of Laragh, a strikingly picturesque spot. It was crowded with people in their blue cloaks, and frieze coats, making purchases of an itinerant haberdasher, whose little hand-cart displayed cottons and kerchiefs of every hue. On the rocky slope of the hill to our right, stood a castellated building, intended for a barrack, which harmonized with the scene. The river pursued its way through woods, the property of N. T. Bookey, Esq., at the foot of Derry Bawn, a fine mountain range that flanks Glendalough.

At last the tall, gloomy-looking Round-Tower came in sight; it is a most striking object, standing up alone amidst crowds of grave-stones, one hundred and ten feet in height, still unimpaired by time—save the falling in of its conical top,* while the five churches that crown the circumjacent hills, and its own immediate neighbours—Our Lady's Church, and St. Kevin—are ruined and crumbling.

* Petrie, in his "Round Towers of Ireland," says this top would have added probably eighteen feet to its height, besides that lost round its base by the accumulation of earth.—See the Work, p. 361.

Crossing the stream of Glendalough on rude stones, we soon found ourselves in this solitary Necropolis. Luncheon was despatched in the least possible time, under the shade of the Round-Tower, and then we explored the grave-yard. The huge Cross, our guide told me, was a great help to matrimony, for you had only to clasp your arms round it, and think of the man, or the girl you loved, and either was sure to be your's.

"I did it meself," quoth he, "sorrow's the day I did it; for she's me wife this twinty years, and bad luck to her for a bad one as she is."

Two other guides started up, and one was remarkably eloquent,—pouring out passages from Moore, (a popular version, like the Venetian gondolier's rendering of Tasso), and scraps of old songs, but in so incoherent a way, we suspected poteen had inspired his muse and memory. Another sedate old fellow bade him keep his tongue in his head, for *he* knew the quality, and they didn't like being disturbed at their luncheon. These gentry wore much the appearance of the natives of Terracina, with their glittering black eyes, snuff-coloured peaked hats (caubeens), and stockings to match. Each brandished a stout shillelagh, and their

use of their arms in gesticulating was very peculiar.

An old goody sat knitting beside us, and she expatiated on the benevolence of Mrs. Bookey, who clothed and fed the poor, and educated the children. She had two daughters, she said; and one she recommended to me as a skilful maker of caps. "Ah! that girleen has the *brightest heart* of the two! 'tis ivery thing she can do." I bought from her some specimens of copper, lead, and quartz, the produce of the neighbouring unworked mines.

The poor appear to be tolerably well off here. Our guide informed me they got a shilling a-day, fuel allowed; and pay about £3 per annum for a taking that feeds a cow, or a couple of goats. He was only rich enough to keep the latter. The women knit stockings, and fetch turf, which is delved out of the bog with two kinds of spades of peculiar shape, and dried in the form of long bricks. The effect is most singular of these black piles all over the country; and in one spot we passed on our return, the bog extended for miles, and all the population seemed turned out digging it-

up. The young women carry the peat in long baskets, like the French "hotte," strapped on the back—a heavy weight, and hawk it about the country. The price varies according to age and quality. At Tullamore the price of a cart-load, *i.e.*—six baskets' full, was six shillings and sixpence.

Hiring a jaunting-car, we drove about a mile down a stony lane to the Lake, a smooth expanse of clear, dark water, encircled by mountains. Of these Lug Duff, and Derry Bawn, the "Fair Mountain," are most conspicuous. The shore is strewed with small, shining pieces of mica, like shillings and sixpences. Between this and the Tower, is a lesser Tarn, choked with weeds, and teeming with waterfowl.

Embarking in a fishing-boat, we rowed to St. Kevin's Bed, where "Cochleen," as she calls herself, —an old woman who has seen service, having been a soldier's wife, and followed the army all through the war, descended from her perilous post on the rocks, for a shilling; then, re-mounting, she woke the echoes with a shriek, and dived into the Saint's Bed,—a hole in the side of the cliff, turning in it

three times for our sakes, by which our souls are in some way to be benefitted.

A fishing-party, who were here before us, were boiling their canteen under the rocks, and angling with a patience that belongs exclusively to their class.

At the head of the Lake we saw a silver stream trickling down; but had no time for a fine waterfall near our place of embarkation.

There is a very fine echo, by the guide invoked, on the road back to the inn. This our gentlemen entered, and beheld the cook, with glowing face, and hair hanging in elf-locks, roasting two fowls by a string, for a hungry party we had met in the ruins. She asked them to treat her to a "dhrop of the whisky, she was so dhry." It *was* a very hot day of a surety; and beer is a luxury unknown to the lower classes in Ireland.

Antiquarians, and so many other abler heads than mine, have said all that can be said on the subject of Round-Towers, therefore I will only add that my humble belief in their Eastern and Pagan origin was confirmed by the sight of this most interesting relic of antiquity; of which I was

enabled to make a sketch in a spot different to that already chosen by tourists.

To this drawing, I cannot resist annexing one or two others. The first is a pillar between Koote and Bagdad, copied from "The Personal Narrative

of a Journey from India to England," by Major the Hon. George Keppel, and supposed by him to resemble the Irish Round-Towers: in which supposition he is borne out by the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, in their work on Ireland,* and Mr. Moore, in his history of that country.†

* See Appendix B.

† See Moore's History of Ireland. Vol. I. p. 31.

The second is from a sketch of my own of a sepulchral monument that stands on the Alban-Way, which has a regular Round-Tower at each angle, two nearly perfect. It is that commonly denominated the 'Tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii.'

A distinguished traveller in Etruria assured me he had met with forms in the sepulchral monuments of that country, as well as in the ornaments used by the women, corresponding with these Irish ruins, and the golden antiques in the Dublin Museums.

The third sketch represents one minaret of the

Taj Mahal, at Agra, taken from Colonel Sleeman's beautiful and elaborate drawing.*

Upon comparison, the forms of these edifices, and those of the Irish Round-Towers, will be found to be precisely similar.

Near the abode of Echo is a cleft in the hill lengthways, which our guide obligingly informed me was the result of a friendship between the Prophet Jeremiah and *Vulcan*, the greatest blacksmith† of his day, who were schoolfellows. The Lady *Vanus*, being the most beautiful of women, was bestowed on Vulcan, he said, because he was the ugliest of men. So far so good. *Why* the prophet wished to make an onslaught upon the mountain, deponent explained not; but he averred that Vulcan, to please his friend, forged the sword wherewith he achieved the feat,—a great and terrible one, as the slanting cut to this day testifieth; and, moreover, destroyed a

* See Appendix C.

† See Appendix D.

giant who dwelt there. "D'ye believe that now?" asked one of the party. The guide smiled, and shook his head.

St. Kevin must have been a jovial fellow, for his kitchen is a very good sized one, and appending to it is a baby Round-Tower: there, I conclude, the holy man kept a look out on the cooks, and tasted the viands beforehand through the medium of his olfactories.

This spot was once frequented by that "just and good man," as Giraldus Cambrensis styles him, Lawrence O'Tuathal, youngest son of the Prince of the Glen of Imaile, in Wicklow. He was Bishop of Glendalough, and Archbishop of Dublin; and although his hospitalities were princely, they never degenerated into ought unbecoming a churchman. He gave munificently a daily dole to five hundred persons, nourished orphans and foundlings, and dispensed justice with an able and upright hand. So well was he thought of in England, that he was employed in various delicate missions on the continent by Henry I.; and his country lost a most enlightened and zealous supporter of its laws and liberties, when he was carried off by fever in

Normandy, on the 14th of November, 1180. Lawrence was educated at Glendalough, and became Abbot of the Monastery when twenty-five years old; and so attached was he to his early haunts in this still "Vale of the Lakes," he was wont at times to betake himself hither, and pass days and weeks in the solitary cell of St. Kevin, in prayer and seclusion.*

I too felt loath to leave the "ould Holy Place;" but we had five and twenty miles of hilly road to travel before dinner, and company asked to meet us; and that great dial, the tower and the sun, told of four hours being sped since noon. So away we hied, casting many a backward glance at the two lakes, and their accompaniment of hill and ruin in the quiet valley. Once out of the bog nothing could exceed the beauty of the drive home; every step of the way presenting new features of the pieturesque. Descending a precipitous hill, we skirted Mr. Hempenstall's property, and through the pines and chestnuts that border the road, caught vistas of the sea between the valleys; while the

* For further account of this Bishop, See Moore's History of Ireland. Vol. II. p. 307.

uplands thrown about in various forms were clothed with woods and verdure, and enlivened by country seats and nice farm-houses, with the neatest thatch, amid gardens and well-trimmed hedge-rows, with bee-hives clustering under them, and abundant vegetable produce. Leaving on our right hand the perfectly Swiss village of Delgany, romantically laid out on the side of a wooded hill, we drove through the Glen of the downs. Mr. La Touche's grounds on one hand, bold wooded cliffs, from every crevice of which shrubs and flowers were springing, the Sugar-Loaf Major before us, and every variety of forest tree luxuriating all round. A brawling torrent divided the cliff from the road, and in one verdant spot stood an elegant fishing cottage embosomed in trees of large growth. The dwellers in the city love to frequent these sylvan glades, and we saw the smoke of a gipsy kettle on the brow of the cliff, while the joyous voices of the picnickers descended to us in merry bursts, mingled with the notes of a violin.

We passed the gate of Holly Brook, through which we had driven in the morning, a sweet pretty place laid out with great taste by Sir George

Hodson, in a spot where nature has been lavish of all that can afford scope to art.

July 14.—Dear Anna, young Hermann, Mr. West and I set off to explore fresh lions. Captain Heyman and his daughter met us on horseback. Passing through Enniskerry, I was struck by St. Valorie, a pretty house like a Swiss Bailli's built over the river, which just at this spot joins the stream of the Dargle. The grounds slope down to the water, and a little before, we crossed it on a bridge, whence there is one beautiful peep.

Nothing can be more lovely than the Dargle. It is a deep ravine between richly wooded cliffs composed of granite and mica; here and there split and broken, and wreathed with festoons of ivy, brambles, and the usual woodland plants. Beneath brawls the torrent: in winter very wide and overflowing, which in various places forms deep, still, clear pools between masses of rock, into which the ash and rowan dip down their branches, and throw a dark shadow, broken only by an occasional sunbeam straying through the foliage. I envied the naiades their delicious bathing places, and longed to plunge into the cool waters this sultry day. Hermitages

are erected on convenient eminences, and of one of these a large party had possession.

The grounds of Powerscourt and Tinnehinch, contribute greatly to embellish the Dargle. It is about a mile long, and at the further end we regained the carriage; after walking through a few fields, and crossing some double gates well padlocked, and were soon past the lodge, and within the Park of Powerscourt.

Tinnehinch belonged to the man of whom Edmund Burke thus wrote to his friend W. Smith, Esq. "Surely Great Britain and Ireland ought to join in wreathing a never-fading garland for the head of *Grattan*."*

Powerscourt contains a superb saloon of good proportions, about sixty-five feet in length; full of statues and busts. But the pilasters should be of scagliola, and not of painted wood. In the drawing-room are several good paintings by Vandyck, Guercino, &c. I particularly admired a group of young loves by Amigrone. The chapel, or rather a circular chamber used as a chapel, is very well-proportioned, and has a beautiful cupola in com-

* See Burke's Works. Vol. II. p. 450.

partments, blue and gold. The other apartments are nothing particular; but the entrance hall with a ceiling and cornices composed of shells in plaster, is heavier and more ungraceful than any morsel of architectural decoration I ever saw, and so low you feel *écrasé* by it.

The mansion itself is a noble looking Grecian elevation in granite, with two copper domes on the roof that glisten far and wide, when the sun strikes on them. The park is full of fine trees, and is well kept. Throughout the grounds to the far-famed cascade, the scenery is wild and varied. Now on the slope of a grassy hill,—now by the river's side, through fine trees and shrubberies we wound along: it is a most enjoyable place.

Suddenly we came upon an amphitheatre of grass "smooth shaven," sprinkled over with noble oaks: the hills that encircle it clothed with wood to the very summits; here and there a patch of purple heath, or green pasture lit up by the afternoon's sun, and in the centre amid all the grouping trees, from a height of three or four hundred feet, down dashed, sparkling, and crashing, and foaming, the Fall of Powerscourt. It was a gay spectacle altogether, for we found ourselves unexpectedly among a throng

of picnickers unpacking their baskets in merry knots: at least a couple of dozen of jaunting-cars, phaetons, and horses, and attendants, all bivouacking under the trees. We were privileged to cross a rustic bridge thrown over the stream, whence from another part of the grounds, carpetted with moss, and canopied by stately oaks, we enjoyed a splendid side-view of the fall.

When George IV. was at Powerscourt, it happened to be particularly dry weather; great pains were consequently taken for days beforehand, and I know not how many workmen employed constantly, to dam up the river, and ensure a fine fall of water for the royal eyes. But, alas! after a night spent in consuming Lord Powerscourt's excellent claret, the Monarch was little disposed for sylvan scenery; and upon driving to this bewitching spot, never once looked at the fall!

Very beautiful was our drive back to Bray: hedges carefully kept, trees flourishing, sunny villas and smiling farms innumerable, all the way.

After passing St. Valorie, we encountered a multitude of jaunting-cars, filled with belles and beaux, as we fancied, a bridal party. Some of these

were going at a great pace, kicking up the dust, which, by the way, is dreadful on these roads—so gritty and penetrating, and one attempted to race with us. I was quite sorry for the fine, black horse, that, impelled by the charioteer, in gentleman's garb, who held the reins, kept up with us till we peremptorily ordered our post-boy to desist. Two ladies, with feathers and scarves streaming in the air, sat with the greatest *nonchalance* all the while, skilfully balancing themselves with the peculiar undulations of the vehicle, and utterly regardless of their horse's distress.

Further on we found ourselves enveloped by a Temperance band, and its many followers: banners displayed, and music resounding very gaily; and this sort of thing we met with once and again. The merry sounds continued to come up to the Castle on the evening air.

Bray is a celebrated watering-place; and its Hotel renowned for good cheer.

CHAPTER II.

July 15.—I looked out of my window early and eagerly this morning for tokens of favour from St. Swithin. He was tolerably gracious, only sprinkling us with a few drops of rain, which I hailed as a good omen.

I amused myself with Anna in the morning, sketching the Sugar-Loaves from her dear mother's windows. The hay-makers were busy underneath us in the lawn; and beyond, the sea stretched out towards Bray Head. What a pity the name should have been altered of these remarkable pinnacles! Willis says, "the Irish themselves called them 'the Gilt Spears,' from their retaining the light of the sun after the rest of the surrounding landscape was involved in darkness."*

* See Willis's Ireland, p. 162.

What a delicious drive we took this afternoon! Mrs. Heyman was of the party; and Nicholas knew so well where to stop—a very jewel of a charioteer to the tribe of "Syntax."

From the heights of Killiny Hill, the whole Bay lay beneath us in a crescent-like curve, gracefully turned. Between us and Bray Head, the land stretched upwards towards the Sugar-Loaves twain, a gradual slope, richly cultivated, and dotted all over with white houses and hamlets, embosomed in groves; the sea bathing the smooth, quiet shore, blue as the Mediterranean, and the rugged, granite cliffs of Killiny, with Dalkey Island on one side, and bluff Bray Head, with its triple crags on the other.

This little islet, till the last century, was the scene of annual Boccaccian festivities, in commemoration of the retirement thither of a certain "merrie companie," of citizens, during the Great Plague of 1575.

I regretted having no leisure for strolling on the beach, and seeking Wicklow pebbles, which take a fine polish.

Dr. Carmichael's Castle, one of the best castellated buildings I know, composed of granite blocks,

stands on the edge of the cliff, commands all the scenery I have faintly attempted to depict, and adds a fine feature to the general landscape.

Returning by the Quarries, we had a bird's-eye view of the whole Bay of Dublin, than which nothing can be more magnificent. I was in ecstacies the whole way. The sea was as smooth as a mirror, and the numerous steamers and other vessels flitting over its surface, gave life to its tranquil beauty.

July 16.—Wishing to see something of the capital before we explored the provinces, we this day bade a regretful adieu to our kind friends at Shanganagh, and drove to Dublin: engaging good apartments at Gresham's Hotel, in Sackville Street, a most comfortable one in all respects.

The approach to Dublin from Bray, lay through Stephen's Green, where O'Connell has a good green-doored mansion.

The Quays, with their nine handsome bridges, reminded me of the Lung' Arno; and I quite appreciated the remarkably fine architecture of the Four Courts, the Custom House, with its copper dome, the Bank, and Post Office.

We stopped at the Bank, a noble Grecian edifice, with a Portico, through which Anna and I strolled, while our companion went in to replenish the coffers.

It was, erst while, the Senate-House, whose walls have echoed to the eloquence of Irish patriotism, and the base whispers of corruption. Opposite to it, is the equestrian statue of William III., which was wont to be decked on the "glorious anniversary," with orange-lilies, and wreaths, and ribbons, of the same hue, to the annoyance and disgust of those who were true to "the Green." Such open displays of party feeling are alike illiberal and ungenerous on the part of the stronger towards the weaker: and all real lovers of peace must desire the abolition of badges calculated only to keep hostility alight in men's minds.*

Sackville Street struck me as broader and handsomer than any London street; the Post Office is a venerable Doric edifice, and the Rotunda at the other end, and Nelson's column in the centre give it a noble finish. Trinity College was our first

* The space it occupies is called College Green, a wide street full of handsome shops.

point. It boasts a very fine library and museum, and what to me was most interesting, the Harp of Brian Borimhe presented to the Pope by his son Teige, and named by Dante, born in 1265, according to the elder Galilei, in proof of Ireland being the birthplace of the harp and its ærial music.* "The instrument," according to his account, "being no other than a cithara with many strings, "and having at the time when he wrote, four octaves, "and a tone in compass."†

At the Royal Irish Academy in Kildare Street, we were most fortunate in finding Mr. Clibborn, to whose kindness, and unwearied patience I owe a complete inspection of the innumerable treasures of Irish antiquity the museum contains. Old grinding-stones, with pots of mixed metal found in the bogs, without a seam, rivetted together by brass nails; shoes without a join, double soled, and double-leathered, one pair of which is supposed to be that *stood in* by the Kings at their coronation. Old rings and seals, some of porcelain,‡ one the signet

* See Hall's Ireland, p. 409.

† See Moore's History of Ireland. Vol. I., p. 313.

‡ See Appendix E.

of Murtagh O'Neill.* The Cross of Cong, the Crozier of Cashel so well described by Mr. Petrie as to require no repetition.

Besides these, quantities of celts, and swords, daggers, and fibbiæ, in bronze and silver. Collars or *Torques* gracefully twisted;† pledges, and fillets, of pure gold. The pledges are supposed to have been used in forming compacts, and vary in size from those small enough for an infant's wrist, to those suitable to the largest man's. The gold is so elastic, it easily expands, and the article is of this form, (I sketch from recollection) the upper parts hollow, and cymbal-shaped. Mr. Clibborn supposed this to be used as pledges between two or more parties. Also rings for ornament, or money as in present use in Africa.‡ The head-ornaments, likewise of purest gold, exactly

* See Appendix F.

† See Appendix G.

‡ See Appendix H.

resemble the pictures of Egyptian head-gear with

rosettes at the ears. Indeed, we ladies in the present day, are wearing similar *coiffures* in lace or flowers, covering the ears.

We saw the celebrated Book of Armagh with its embossed silver cover, and curious leathern case.* In Petrie's account of this magnificent relic, he enters into a disquisition with regard to the derivation of the word *polaire* or *polire*, translated by "cloak, veil, or pall," from *pallium*, as applicable to these book satchels. Perhaps it may have escaped the antiquarians, that the word *pallio* is still in familiar use in Florence as applied to the banners borne in processions with the Host, of white cloth of gold, satin, or damask, crowned generally with a lighted lamp, or cross, or wreath of flowers, and bearing the form of the Roman Eagles. This circumstance may explain the meaning of these articles forming a necessary part of a

* For a particular description of it see Petrie's Round Towers of Ireland, p. 327.

Bishop's paraphernalia, and being blessed by him, as in the following passage:

"He, Patrick, conferred the degree of Bishop upon him (Fiacc), so that he was the first Bishop that was ordained among the Lagenians,*. and Patrick gave a *cumtach* (a box) to Fiacc, viz.: (*i. e.* containing) a bell, and a *menstir*, and a crozier, and a poolire; and he left seven of his people with him."†

Now they translate "*poolire*," a "cloak or pall, and a veil," and wonder what a Bishop should do with them; render the *poolire* as *pallio*, and let it be the bannered reliquary that commonly *precedes* a Bishop, and the difficulty vanishes. Besides the leather satchel may a little resemble the stiff shape of the banner.

Here is passage the second.‡

"He blessed three hundred miraculous crosses,
He blessed three hundred wells which were constant,
One hundred polaires noble, one coloured,
With one hundred croziers, with one hundred satchels."

Evidently *polaire* here does not mean *satchel*, or both would not be enumerated separately.

* People of Leinster. † See Petrie, p. 33.

‡ See Petrie, p. 334.

These sketches of the *pallio*, as now borne about in Italy, were made by the authoress in Florence, and exhibit its prevailing form. It adds much to the brilliancy of a procession.

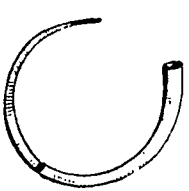
One of the most precious morsels of antiquity, the Annals of Kilronan, is about to be published by subscription; it will be an expensive undertaking,

and very interesting, as the translation from the ancient Irish of a great portion of their history, hitherto involved in complete obscurity.*

Amongst other curiosities was a small box of waxen tablets, in use before writing materials of paper and ink were invented. This was found in a bog, and given by the peasant to his children for a plaything. A *savant* entering the cabin redeemed the treasure; and upon examination, though discoloured by time and water, he plainly perceived what I also discerned—writing—it is the Latin exercise of a boy!

The ancient bells are shaped flat, like those hung by the Swiss herdsman to the neck of the favourite cow.

Mr. Clibborn wound a large powerful horn



brazen, in two compartments, nearly round, that like Orlando's, was calculated to strike terror into faint hearts; and then pointed out the remains of a clarshach the ancient Irish harp; old grinding-stones, called *querns*, quite scriptural in form, rosaries,

* See Appendix I.

&c. A buckle on the principle of the antique has been invented for young Ireland; it is uncommonly well contrived, so as when clasped to form a shamrock.

A printing establishment is attached to this society as well as to the college, and we saw the hall in which scientific meetings are held, with portraits of Lord Charlemont and other distinguished presidents. The actual one, Sir William Hamilton, came in, and was designated to me as superior to the admirable Crichton in attainments and knowledge of every sort.

The society possesses a museum under another roof, full of stuffed beasts and birds, with a large collection of Greenland minerals and dried plants, made by an enterprising Dane, who suffered shipwreck, and lost great portion of his hardly gained treasures.

The very ancient Cathedral of St. Patrick was under repair, and the arches propped up looked ready to fall; a walk into the chancel seemed to me quite a service of danger. It is not beautiful in its exterior, but would look much better were it not blocked up by dirty streets and mean houses. The stone naturally crumbles, which always gives an untidy appearance. Just outside is the Holy Well,

deliciously fresh and cool. "Archbishop Usher says that St. Patrick baptized his converts, including Alphin, the King's son, in a well near St. Patrick's Church, Dublin, which in after ages became an object of devotion to the faithful, and so remained until it was enclosed in the foundation of a house in the seventeenth century." This is quoted from Willis. I surmise this to be the identical well. It is close to the church porch, and in the thickness of the wall. Here are the monuments of that cold-blooded woman-torturer, Dean Swift, and one of his victims, Stella. What most took my fancy was the venerable aisle, from whose roof were suspended the bannered escutcheons and plumed helmets of the Knights of St. Patrick, relics of an age of chivalry passed away. Mournfully did the silken flags wave in the passing air over the empty gaping vizors, and the gathering gloom of evening lent a powerful charm to the poetry this scene called up.

It was evening when we set off to see St. Patrick's, very rainy moreover; but Irish rain is not like English rain, though it can fall hard enough; it is soft, and not chilling, and though on an open car, we drove through it all over Dublin, till past nine at night, without feeling in the least cold.

In Christ's Church, a curious fortified looking old building, repose the ashes of Strongbow and his wife Eva; but the darkness prevented our visiting their tombs.

July 17.—Good bye to Dublin for a while. There is no great beauty of scenery between Dublin and John's Town, where we paused a few minutes to change horses. Lord Mayo has a seat here, and the whole village bore ample testimony to his care for the poor. Not a cottage but what was nicely thatched, with a little rustic porch and paling, and the inhabitants well dressed and thriving. The Maid of the Inn expatiated warmly to me upon his Lordship's charity and kindness. She was a pretty girl, and had a face all over smiles.

At Naas we halted to lunch. The potatoes were the very best I ate in Ireland, and well cooked. The general system of "boiling them with the bones in them," alias with the heart as hard as a flint, goes much against an English stomach and grinders, A funny little old waiter, whose hair stood on end, served us diligently, and placed beside me a decanter of water, with "there, ye'll find no betther in all Ireland, I'll engage 'tis the best of wather we have," and so it was. A good bed-room opened into the

sitting-room, and this is a common custom, as in foreign inns.

We walked into the Catholic chapel, a handsome church, but unfinished within, the roof supported by wooden props, which we felt sorry to see. Adjoining is a small convent and garden, prettily arranged, in which one of the Sisters of Mercy was taking a solitary stroll. On a hand-board was a request to strangers to invade so far, and no further, the privacy of their holy retreat.

Killcullen is a pretty, fresh looking, well-wooded place on the Liffey, abounding in Mills, it recalled to my recollection the meads and mills of Moulins, in France.

After this, there is nothing particularly noticeable on the road till you reach Castle Dermot, where there is an interesting cluster of ruins. The fragment of a round tower, church, and several large crosses; and on the right, close to the road, the remains of the Franciscan Priory, with fine gothic windows. All these I wished to explore, but as we had to reach Kilkenny by night, it was forbidden ground.

We soon after passed Colonel Bruen's place, Oak Park. He has a famous park wall, and deer of every

kind and colour in vast numbers. I never saw so many collected together.

The approach to Carlow gave tokens of railway proceedings. Shoals of labourers were actively busy, and fashionables looking on. In short, I beheld a *calèche* containing two ladies and a little girl, followed by two little boys on horseback, the only persons I saw driving out for an airing during my whole tour, with the exception of Mrs. Bernal Osborne's equipage at Clonmel.

Carlow is a clean town; the Court-House a handsome building, and its neighbour the jail. While a sort of scrambling dinner was preparing, my maid and I darted off to the Catholic Cathedral, which is of recent erection, and struck me particularly with its lofty tower and spire. Within, its chief ornament is the fine monument to Dr. Doyle, by Hogan, though I thought the bishop a little too smothered in drapery. An old beggar woman showed me in, and said, it was put up by subscription, and the English helped because they liked the bishop so much, he was not a bigot to his religion! This old lady showed infinite tact. She went in advance of me with a finger dipped in the holy water, ready to

present to me, but when she saw I did not respond to her kindness, she prepared her speech.

A notable college stands in an adjacent square, and my friend pulled the bell at the porter's lodge that I might peep in. She invited me to pay a visit to the Sisters of Mercy, assuring me of a welcome through her, and I regretted much that time did not permit me to make the acquaintance of the amiable sisterhood.

Leighlin Bridge, a handsome one of five arches, spans the Barrow. Here the scenery is very pretty, and a ruined tower rising on the left bank of the river amidst fine woods, adds greatly to it.

We entered the county of Kilkenny at Royal Oak, and almost the nicest hamlet I saw in Ireland is Shankhill, which belongs to J. K. Aylward, Esq. There is a good sized church, not glazed, near the demesne, which is rich in fine trees, especially majestic avenues of limes, that hang over the park wall, filling the air with their delicious odours. The house looked old-fashioned and handsome, and the air of the whole property was that of extreme care and comfort. Every cottage and garden was neat, and cheerful countenances greeted our admiring

eyes. Here I saw the most beautiful girl that fell under my observation in the whole country. Tall and erect she stood, in "girlish gracefulness correctly slim," with her dark blue cloak thrown back from a small well-shaped head; her glossy black hair gathered up into a knot behind, like a Grecian nymph's; her finely chiselled features wore a sweetly serious expression, and her whole aspect was noble. I should like to have painted her as Rebecca at the well, listening with reverence to the tale of Eleazer, and pondering on the high destiny that awaited her, in religious earnestness, with a woman's hope. A group of chubby children were playing about her, some with the bright, wavy, chesnut hair, and rich hazle eyes so peculiar to Ireland, but this pretty creature neither heeded them nor us, and seemed apart from them all in her distinguished countenance and bearing.

I experienced some disappointment at the want of beauty amongst the Irish generally. They are not a handsome race, and the faces that smile upon you in childhood, wear a hollow-cheeked, sallow, miserable aspect in after life. Nothing is so fatal to beauty as premature pain, care, and toil, and these poor creatures marry early, and live on in a perpe-

tual struggle with poverty and want. From all I afterwards witnessed of the general distress, I only wonder they do not *rob* as well as murder. The haggard famine-stricken countenances I have seen glaring upon me out of their gloomy hunger-lairs, as we drove past those human sties, *those most miserable of all abodes,* their cabins, called with horrible facetiousness, cottages. Huts composed of loose stones, sometimes with, oftener without, a window; if a chimney, of thatch or wattling, preserved by a standing miracle from fire. The donkey foddered up comfortably in one corner, fowls, ducks, geese, often turkies, pigs, and children, swarming in and out of the opened door; a pool of moist filth on one side, a pile of dry abomination on the other, and the females of the family sitting with their legs dangling over these, talking, knitting, or doing nothing, with short pipes in their mouths, and arms folded over rags that once *put off,* could never be *put on.* The men you see, lazy tatterdemalions, lounging about the roads, hands in breeches pockets, the usual mode in Ireland, or if at work, leaving off to watch the unwonted passing of a carriage till we were out of sight. This is peasant-life in one of the finest countries in Europe! a true

picture. Yet all the living creatures except the "humans" were in fat, comfortable plight, that told of good living. Mules and asses particularly, as large and sleek as any in southern Europe.

Goods are conveyed on small carts, so well balanced, that a considerable weight is carried with trifling inconvenience to the one horse. Sometimes you see his head poking out between two immense and ponderous beams of wood, yet jogging along without turning a hair.

How shall I describe the surpassing dreariness of the way to Kilkenny? For miles we met not a human being, for twenty miles at a time saw not a gentleman's house, or chapel, or any habitation decent enough for a parish priest, but here and there a cabin shews its grey head like a deserted cairn; now and then we passed a labouring man lagging on his way home, and once five men ran across the road in active pursuit of some one that seemed to take fright suddenly, and scour off to the hills. We hoped they might not be out on any bad exploit.

Every mile of the way is cultivated, but such cultivation! I will here describe the general mode, as it will serve for that of the whole face of the

country, except in a few instances, which shall be particularized as they occur.

Wheat, barley, and oats, as fine as heart could wish to see, potatoes, with tremendous trenches, turnips, clover, and rich pasturage, but the hedges broken and irregular; the stone walls loose and crumbling that mostly divide the fields, and every third patch of grass-land choked with rag-weed in full growth, which ought to have been plucked out by the roots and consigned to the dunghill, with the thistles and ox-eyes that flourish among the barley. The people say the cattle will rather eat the rag-weed than *starve* in winter, so they leave it to luxuriate. At intervals, a sycamore uplifts its bushy black head, but over so generally treeless and dreary country I never before journeyed. Yet is it wonderfully fertile, and the very bogs may be made productive, witness the reclaimed patches planted with promising looking potatoes and oats, and very deeply drained; and these bogs enable the poor to have fuel for nothing but the labour of digging, in many parts, so that it would perhaps be small charity to reclaim the whole of them.

One cannot call the people idle either, who have cultivated *all* the arable land we traversed. But

there seems to be no method, things are left half-finished; the cart in the middle of the road on its beam ends, the walls dropping down, the hedges untrimmed, ditches uncleared; the gates, mostly of solid iron, have stone pillars on each side, but are fenced with brambles below, because they don't fit close. Oftener are they supported between a couple of logs of black wood dug out of the bog, and invariably one of these is long the other short. It is the "*lascia fare*" system from the beginning to the end.

The men, on the whole, are better clad, and tidier than the women, who are more filthy and slatternly than the people between Rome and Naples. You see them picking vermin off their heads and persons in the most shameless way, and men frequently relieving the children's pates of incommodious settlers. The way in which they scratched themselves, I shall never forget, walking, sitting, or begging; and I used to feel it a very dangerous vicinity when encircled by a tribe of beggars. These, if you deny their petition, do not consign you to the infernal deities, according to the most approved fashion of the sturdy English beggar, but smile, and say, "Well, God bless ye all the same!" Poor outcasts! my heart yearned towards them! At

Carlow, however, I was forwarded on my way with a curse, having expended my last penny, and left one old crone unrelieved, which is not so pleasant to the ear as the hearty "God speed ye to the end of your journey."

We did not reach Kilkenny till between 10 and 11 P.M. which I regretted, wishing to have seen the castle, which occupies an eminence above the river Nore, and is a conspicuous object from the beautiful bridge on entering. It rose a black mass, throwing its deep shadow upon the water, and was seen to greater advantage however; for I think the gothic gains in grandeur by night, what it loses in nakedness by day.

We were made as comfortable as circumstances and the lateness of the hour permitted, at the Club House. Mr. Walsh proved the most polite of landlords, and his attendants equally so; but we were amused by the quiet yet despotic way in which he made us take four horses on the morrow, which was every way unnecessary, the road was so capital. Indeed, from Dublin and back we might have gone without a jolt, in such perfect condition was the highway.

The waiter informed me there were 800 able-

bodied paupers in the workhouse; that all who could gain admittance, left work and quartered themselves in it, and that the rate-payers complained bitterly of their inability to support the heavy charge.

Beggars were in numbers here; and potatoes failing generally.

There is one paramount comfort in an Irish hotel not always to be met with in ours. Such abundant preparations for "frequent ablutions." Such cans of water, and tubs, and hip-baths, and superfluity of jugs and basins. I complimented the waitress upon it; and nearly everywhere the beds are comfortable; elastic French mattresses, nice linen, and plentiful bedding. At breakfast, dinner, and tea, the cups and saucers, and dishes are so well washed, and the plate so sparkling! The cookery is universally good; meat well flavoured, tarts well made; bread perfectly *delicious.* Porter is invariably excellent; Guiness's, or Beamish and Crawford's. The butter I relish particularly, it has a delicate hue and tastes like Devonshire clotted cream; milk is sweet and abundant; and as Frederic exclaimed one morning, "I must say Irish eggs are fresher than all others!"

Whatever they have of the best appears to me to

be produced for the stranger. Living is cheap, posting far cheaper than in England; why will not some of my country people, instead of *always* going down the Rhine, or to Paris, or Switzerland, pass *some* summer among the poor Irish, to whom the diffusion of money by the traveller, however small, is still *something*, and *something they are grateful for!*

CHAPTER III.

July 18.—Alas! it rains! a regular downpour! but never mind, there is a covered car to be hired, and into it we step, bound for the Castle.

It was originally built by Strongbow, became the stronghold of the Ormonds, its actual possessors, is re-modernised, and done well. The great gallery is very handsome, 140 feet long, and hung with fine family portraits, and other pictures. From the drawing-room window you look out on the Nore, the fine bridge, Cathedral of St. Canice, and the old Round Tower beside it.

To this we next bent our steps. The church is full of the tombs of the ancient Ormondes; there they lie in their chain armour, proud knightly personages even in death, and amongst them the modern monument of Sir Denys Packe, with

the colours of his regiment suspended overhead. Those who now bear the name, appear to live in the hearts of the townspeople, who spoke well of their good deeds, and hoped for their prompt return. My chief attention was directed to the Round Tower, said to be 108 feet high, and 48 feet in circumference at the base.

I sketched it rapidly while the rain fell around me, which prevented my comparing as I wished to have done minutely, the shape of the small entrances with those of Glendalough. The circle round the

summit is a variation from that one, and the masonry of this seemed to my eyes most even and finished.

The town was thronged with market people. Some of the women wore dark blue cloaks, others pale grey ones. The men remind me of the peasants of Landevizio, in Brittany, with their long coats, peaked hats, and large glistening buttons. Many girls had coloured handkerchiefs round their heads, tied under the chin.

In going to and from the Castle, we passed through the hay-market. The hay is brought into town in those long, nicely-balanced carts, and even wheat and barley unthrashed were carelessly laid on them, and exposed for sale in all the rain. There is a good deal of clatter and noisy talk as among foreigners, but we never saw a brawl, nor more than three tipsy men in all our journey, and of these, two were soldiers in the streets of Dublin. All praise be to Father Matthew!

I observed perpetually written up, "Coffee and temperance cordials sold here." I fear the cordials are often aniseed and caraway, which may soon become cordials of any *strength*, by a slight addition of certain liquids, sometimes used "for the stomach's sake;" but drunkenness seems to have been put

down effectually, and the streets in most towns had that peculiar odour of coffee and cigars, so grateful to my olfactories on the continent.

The beauty of the ladies of Kilkenny is celebrated; but I confess I looked in vain for "the lips like ripe strawberries smothered in *crame*," and found the population, the female part at least, sickly and squalid-looking, and in some districts of the town peculiarly ill-favoured.

Kilkenny stands in a plain that for fruitfulness can hardly be matched; with Slieve Margy in its rear, and Slieve Ardagh beyond it.

A very beautiful Catholic Church occupies a high spot just out of the town; and in progress hard by, is an extensive and handsome building designed as a College, on the national system.

We soon came in sight of Slievenáman, one of the highest mountains I believe in Erin. The rich pastures teemed with the most beautiful little cattle I ever saw, save the mouse-coloured cow of Switzerland. These were black, brindled, sheeted, striped, and milk white, fit for the altars of Jove. Others had brown sides, blackish noses, and the interior of the ears corresponding, as also the horns and hoofs.

Until now I had always been at a loss to divine

whence the manufacturers of Noah's arks had drawn their models of these cloven-footed animals: I found them in the infinite variety these vales displayed. Every thing is cultured hereabouts, and for the first time I perceived the flax plant, with its frail, graceful stem, and delicate blue flower.

Nothing can be so disgustingly filthy as Nine Mile House, which I surveyed from curiosity, while the horses were changing. The maritornes of the place was a fresh-looking, clear-skinned girl with a stout pair of arms equal to any labour; and that might soon have cleared away the dirt which really equalled the high road; though a carpet was loosely spread over the staircase, an affectation which quite provoked me, it had never been shaken I am convinced since it left the upholsterer's.

The postillion of this ilk was as wild as his habitation. Dark-eyed, elf-locked, and pale skinned; his features rarely beautiful. The keen eagle glance, and finely cut aquiline nose with its thin disdainful nostril;—a mouth such as a sculptor might rejoice to model, and an expression like Byron's Corsair,

> "And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
> Hope withering fled, and mercy sighed farewell."

This gentleman was, for all the world, like a

a Terracina brigand, and ever and anon as he turned round his handsome face, I discovered less of the "*laughing* devil," and more of the "sneer" in it; and bethought me that now we were really entered upon Tipperary he might be the "very best of cut-throats." He drove us well and steadily notwithstanding, and did not even whip his horses much. On the whole, I felt sorry when he was replaced by a common every-day boy.

On one of the acclivities of Slievenáman stands Kilcash, one of the numerous ruined castles belonging to the Butlers, and still an Ormond possession. Indeed, a good many of these old keeps are scattered between Kilkenny and Clonmel, and some gentlemen's seats. That of Mr. and Mrs. Bernal Osborne is close to the latter place. They seem to be making great improvements, and are most highly spoken of.

The town lies snugly in a pretty valley richly cultivated, and watered by the Suir; many villas adorn its banks, and flour mills, for which it is remarkable. It appears that these were in use in Ireland before 650,* and their introduction is attributed to the Romans. "From hence," Whitaker says, "this

* See Moore's History of Ireland. Vol. I. p. 317.

sort of mill is called *melin*, in the British, and *muilan* or *muiland* in the Irish." It may pass that the town takes its name Clon*mel* from this source instead of the honey, whence it is commonly derived.

We fell in with several of Bianconi's public cars entering and leaving the town; they are equally cheap and convenient, and hold six or eight of a side. I used to pity the one horse that sometimes draws this load; but usually they have a pair, and in hilly roads three. The drivers and passengers frequently sported large flapping Leghorn hats, like so many Italians in the dog-days; and country women in caps, or hooded in the ever serviceable cloak, sat wedged in among baskets and bundles very contentedly.

Clonmel was all astir with the assizes, the poor wretches under trial were those who stopped and robbed the supplies of flour, and so full was the principal inn, the Globe, we were necessitated to eat our luncheon in a small bed-chamber. An excellent cold duck furnished forth our repast, which was quickly despatched, and we were again *en route*. I must notice that the people here seemed to us a restless wild set. Waiters hurrying to and fro were

heard in the passages loud in favour of "standing up to fight for their counthry;" and murmuring voices came up from the inn door, and streets, showering blessings upon Peel the bread-giver. "Thanks be to him and praise! For now' the flour won't go out of our land; 'tis he has given us bread!"

"'Tis out he is," chorussed one knot of men; "but by the blessing of God 'tisn't for long. Sure 'tis Sir Robert we wish to see in power agin."

Past Clonmel the road winds beautifully beside the sparkling waters of the Suir. The meadows were brilliantly green, and dark alders stretched their branches across the stream. Marlefield, Mr. Bagnall's, and Knocklofty, Lord Donoughmore's contribute their woods and lawns to the general view, and the fields were rich in waving corn nearly ripe. But potatoes here were all gone to the bad entirely.

We soon caught sight of the Knóckmealedown hills, the finest in Ireland. These we kept in view for a considerable portion of the afternoon, and they are very different from any mountain range I am acquainted with. They resemble in character most the hills of Calabria over the Straights of Scylla,

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH

ARDFINNAN.

London: Richard Bentley New Burlington Street

Hullmandel & Walton Lithographers

with their wild, strange fissures; but nothing *out* of Ireland—not even the vivid mountain pastures of Switzerland, bear any resemblance to that peculiar, and unspeakably lovely hue which has won for Erin the appellation of *green*. On these hills you have it in perfection; clothed with verdure to the very summits, they gave out in the changeful lights of a fitful sun, every variety of shade green could assume. But so delicate, so velvetty! Every declivity and glen seemed carpetted with the brightest, and softest of moss; and I do not believe that the pencil of Velvet Breughel himself could imitate the fairy tints of Knóckmealedown.

Ardfinnan is a poor village excessively picturesque, with its old fortress that perched up on a precipitous rock overhangs the river, and commands the place. "It was built by King John when Earl of Morton in 1184;" so saith Mr. Frazer in his altogether very useful Guide Book, which I recommend to travellers, more especially for the clear little maps with which it is furnished. He says, moreover, that it afterwards passed into the hands of the Knights Templars. In whosoever it may be now it will not remain a ruin long; for I saw scaffolding and ladders, and workmen busily repair-

ing the damages of time; building up walls, and putting in windows; and of a certes, it is a charming place for any one who loves life in the wilderness.

We rather went out of our way to visit Ardfinnan, in consequence of a very interesting tale told to me by a friend who figured in it, the scene of which was laid here.

It is necessary I should describe the locale. Immediately below the Castle the river winds round a green peninsula, having a long bridge of five arches, a common mode of construction in Ireland, and encircled by low hills. This particular site was destined some twenty years ago to be that of the execution of five criminals for the perpetration of the following horribly atrocious murder.

An English farmer and his wife took some land under a neighbouring Squire, having succeeded to persons of loose and idle habits, who were ejected to make room for the Sassenachs. One night they were awakened by people breaking into their house, and starting up beheld five figures with blackened faces surrounding their bed. The unfortunate farmer was instantly shot before his wife's eyes, and the trembling woman compelled to get up and

light the villains about the house. They broke open every cupboard and bureau, and having possessed themselves of the lease and other papers burnt them, and decamped, not stealing a half-penny, and leaving the wretched widow more dead than alive. However, during their frequent comings and goings about the dwelling, they occupied so much time, she had leisure for observing their persons through the masks; and recognised the features of all the five to be those of the ejected tenants, and her husband's own labourers. She gave immediate information against them, and the whole five were taken up and lodged in Clonmel Gaol; tried, proved guilty, and sentenced to die.

When the day of execution arrived, my informant was summoned with a troop of the Scotch Greys, to keep the peace, which it was rumoured would be broken, for a general rising was threatened among the peasantry. The soldiers were drawn up on the bridge, and round the green spot before described beneath it, in the midst of which the gallows were erected. Looking up they perceived the tops of the hills which girdle in the vale crowded with women; not one man was to be seen! The priests were

supposed to have forbidden their attendance from apprehension of mischief and bloodshed.

It was contrived that the five miscreants might swing at once, and at the moment of the cart's being withdrawn, as the drop fell, a yell burst simultaneously from the hill-tops, so terrible, so piercing, that my friend said every soldier turned pale, every heart "felt small," the chargers started and plunged in affright, and had *men* instead of *women* been the performers, and had they descended from their post of eminence, and made an onslaught on the Dragoons, it is possible Her Majesty's Greys might have been in a different position, and have had a different tale to tell!

These females then broke out into the Keen, and the effect of it from the lips of thousands rending the air, and thrilling upon the hearers, was a thing he said he never should forget!

The widow of the murdered man continued to live on in the same farmstead, protected by the policemen quartered in her house. This state of things endured for four years, during which she met with nothing to lead her to suspect she had an enemy left. At the expiration of the fourth year

she dismissed the officers, thinking it unnecessary to detain them any longer. She was murdered the following day!

At Clogheen, a very wretched town, where, notwithstanding, I remarked, as at Clonmel, shops with gay ribbons, smart caps, and prints out of "La Belle Assemblée," in the shop windows, we changed horses, and were *obliged* to take four. The landlord was absent, there was much bother about it, and the book-keeper was mighty uncivil. We found that *here* the Irish mile was changed into the English statute mile, which makes a wide difference in the cost of travelling: for by the first, four horses do not come to more than a pair would in England for the same distance. We had reason afterwards to doubt the veracity of the man of figures, as to the said charge; but we found the stage of enormous length, of which we were left in ignorance.

Beggars swarmed here: blind, halt, and maimed infancy and age, all *thrust* their miseries into the foreground. Altogether, the natives were a brawling, wild, ferocious-looking set of beings; and the policeman had a difficult task in keeping them back from the carriage. Two urchins of three and four years, were pegging away at each other

with teeth and nails, kicking and squalling desperately—a regular infantine "scrimmage."

The Irish ostlers always torment you for a "*pour boire:*" they are poor, pallid, half-naked starvelings; but their handiwork is surprising, for let the harness be ever so old and rotten, the brass about it is invariably rubbed up as bright and glistening as gold.

There is a prevailing tendency all over the country to "cleansing the outside of the cup and platter:" the miserable cabins are whitewashed even to the very chimneys; hay-ricks and wheat-stacks whitewashed along the roofs and angles; door-frames, window-sills, all white—a powerful contrast to the dense blackness within!

It was a dreary drive to Mitchelstown, a post of twenty-four miles. My heart ached at the sights of woe and want that met our gaze at every turn. Here the population gives me the idea of being worse off than in any other part. Gaunt, listless men were sauntering about with scarce life enough in them to guide the cart, or dig the furrow; and hags, ugly enough to beat the Furies, sat cowering by their doors, smoking short pipes, with persons disfigured by age, dirt, and

penury, scowling at us while we passed on our way—not indifferent spectators, God knows! of their misery and nakedness. Yet all the way to Mitchelstown not one soul begged a stiver of the wayfarers, whose riches must have appeared to them a most unequal distribution of the goods of this life, when set in the scale against their notable distress, and absence of all necessaries.

The approach to the town is oppressively dismal, through a double file of these hunger-lairs—miscalled cottages: amongst them a ruined mill stands roofless and windowless, beside a black, deep, stagnant pool, with several large trees growing around, shorn of their heads, whose broken, ghostly arms dangling in the breeze, caused the shrivelled, withered foliage to creak and rustle feebly and piteously. Meet abode for the genius of Hopelessness, that seems to ride over prostrate Ireland, like the Nightmare and her Nine Hags!

It was ten o'clock at night when we dashed up to the inn, whose lights gleamed comfortably out upon the straggling "Place," that formed an oblong outside the Castle gates. The fourth side was filled up by the turrets of Lord Kingstown's

château: another by a row of snug abodes, with little gardens in front, and a tidy pavement.

Tea and *cold duck*—a favourite edible by the way—wonderfully restored our chilled frames, and "weary sprites," and the accommodations, though plain, were far from uncomfortable, because the sleeping department was clean; but my Lord might burnish up his Hotel's best sitting-room to no trifling advantage. One word, *en passant*, that wherever I might stop, I was in no instance infested by those unsparing travellers'-plagues, known as universal "Phlebotomists."

I learnt that the rate of wages about Mitchelstown is very low. A woman who works from six in the morning, to six in the evening, earns but 3*d.* or at most 4*d.* per diem. A man's wages are from 5*d.* to 10*d.* a day; and they pay for a "taking"—*i.e.* one of the afore-named *styes*, with about two or three acres of land, from £3. to £5. per annum.

There are numerous squatters in the bog, who come from a distance, impelled by the commission of some crime to quit their native county. These settle on a bit of the waste, and being in no man's

way, are allowed to live on in misery and disease rearing fresh human beings in the same condition, and ripe for mischief of any sort. These pay no rent, and come by degrees to consider the huts they have been suffered to run up, as their own property; consequently, when they are molested, ejected, or required to pay rent, they take the law into their own hands, conceiving themselves to be dreadfully aggrieved.

They gave Lord Kingston the highest character: he appears to do all the good he possibly can; but no *individual* exertions will suffice to feed a whole starving population—*all* must combine, and Education must do her part before Ireland can become decently clad, fed, and civilised.

A few miles off are some caves, I had a longing desire to visit, in order to compare with the celebrated ones of Carniola, which it was once my good fortune thoroughly to explore, and which I suppose are the finest in the world, both for beauty and extent; but excessive fatigue, and the lateness of the hour, offered a perverse opposition to my wishes, and not having a day to lose, I was obliged reluctantly to relinquish the anticipated pleasure.

July 19.—We were fortunate in obtaining admis-

sion into Mitchelstown Castle, though it was Sunday; through the civility of an attendant, and the address of one of the post-boys, who got into the hall, and grinned encouragement to us from the windows. No English boy would have dared take such a liberty.

I confess I am no admirer of the Gothic, except in churches; and always feel there is a certain coldness and nakedness, and absence of comfort in all modern castles. But I must own this to be a particularly well-built, handsome thing of the sort. The bed-rooms are replete with comfort; and every part is in keeping with the style first adopted: no mixture of Grecian and Gothic. There is a very fine gallery; it stands well, and presents a really magnificent exterior. The river Funcheon runs through the Park, which is extensive; and there is a beautiful view from the windows of the Galty Mountains; these came in sight yesterday, but I had no eyes for any thing but Knóckmealedown, which, however, are not so lofty.

I was glad to leave behind the poverty and sharpfacedness of Tipperary, and enter County Cork. However, the scenery was bleak enough passing the Kilworth Hills.

Fermoy, on the Blackwater, is the nicest and cleanest town in the country. The river flows through it, looking so limpid and sparkling; the green trees on its banks diffused shade and coolness; and the pavement of the town, houses, knockers, and doorsteps, all partook of the general air of freshness and cleanliness.

I forget the name of the hotel where we alighted for a repose of some minutes, to stretch our legs, and superintend the cutting of some excellent sandwiches; but it was a remarkably good one. Niceness, neatness, and comfort pervaded it; and the floors were all polished like marble.

It was lucky for us, as people who travelled to *see*, to be passing through the country on Sunday, as we saw the peasants to the best advantage. All were tidily—nay, well dressed. I observed girls sitting by the way-side in gowns of gaudy patterns, with becomingly braided hair, snowy aprons, and gold earrings; while the men hovered about in good, whole, evidently brushed clothes, and children well clad, all but the feet. And that I consider altogether to be an advantage over us: for those who cannot afford to have whole, and new shoes, often catch cold in old ones that let in the wet, of which

our own poor are examples: and the children whose toes are pinched, or whose feet are galled by coarse or ill-made hose, and shoes, will never be so well, so upright, or so much at ease in mind, as well as body, as those little ones whose feet are uncramped, and left in a state of nature.

The circumstance that most surprised us, was the knowledge that all these holyday-folks lived in those horrid, smoky, dirty hovels, and went about in week-days, so many scarecrows swathed in rags; and where they could find a place meet for the storing up of their smart things, was a puzzle to me.

It was a prettier country, and more livable than any we had journeyed over, between this and Cork.

Rathcormac on the Bride, is a neat village, and between this and Glenville, on the same river, we met for the first time with a rustic funeral—that of a child, whose little coffin was deposited in a cart full of women in blue cloaks and white weepers. They were followed by a procession of cars, containing many persons of both sexes, all in decent habiliments.

Watergrass Hill, with its bleak, verdureless

slopes, its lack of cultivation, and desolate appearance, is nevertheless dear to all lovers of the genuine wit, talents, humour, and kindliness of "Father Prout," as his nominal abode. It proves how little the outward surface of things has to do with kindling the intellect within; and I believe the most fervid imaginations oftener exist in the natives of a very wild country, than in those of a more genial soil and clime.

The rain descended in torrents as the horses stopped to water in the street of the long, straggling, poor village: yet the old gooseberry-sellers sat perseveringly on beside their baskets and stalls, small children nestling under the ample folds of their cloaks.

One elderly man, as well dressed as man in his station could wish to be, came up, and lazily asked alms. We told him it was a shame to beg with such a good suit of clothes on his back. He regarded us vacantly, with half-open jaws, as if it were too much for him: he could not take in the idea, and turned away, gazing at us from time to time.

The Irish, like the Welch, observe very narrowly one's coat-of-arms: the moment a carriage drives

up, all the men dart forward, and inspect the heraldic emblems.

Irish post-boys are careful of their horses; and though they may whip them occasionally, I never but once saw the creatures urged beyond their strength; and they are watered with warm, and never with cold water, which doubtless prolongs the life of many a poor beast. Cart-horses, and those in carriers' long waggons, poised *alla Milanese*, were always well-conditioned animals. Those in the jaunting-cars looked as shaggy and wild as their masters.

The descent into the Vale of Glanmire, is doubly pretty after so much dreariness. The road winds along deep ravines, wooded and studded with villas. We went by numerous clusters of houses and mills, and a very pretty church, on the banks of the river Lee. A remarkably nice old bridge, embowered in trees, and flanked by mills, tempted me to stop the horses a few minutes, and take out my pencil. Gradually the river widens into a broad estuary, Blackrock—the tiniest and prettiest of miniature forts—appears on a projecting crag and you are in the immediate environs of Cork.

Low hills slope down to the river: such verdant

meads!—such flourishing plantations!—such a variety of substantial-looking habitations! All betokening mercantile plenty and prosperity; but none of the grand scenery I had pictured to myself.

There appeared to be a good deal of shipping. We crossed some handsome bridges, and quays, and were glad to reach the Imperial Hotel, after a long and fatiguing day's march. Here we were well accommodated as to apartments, but found some minor annoyances—abominable bread, and a very dear bill to pay at the *finale*. The hotel is spacious and well furnished; and contains, as I was told, a particularly handsome reading and smoking-room: but cigars were rigidly prohibited in the common apartments. Mrs. Hall's picture figured in our sitting-room, presented, as I was informed, by herself.

Of my *séjour* at Cork, I have rather a succession of *regrets* than *acts* to record: for I did *not* kiss the Blarney Stone, wherefore must I for ever forego the gift of eloquent persuasiveness; nor did I inspect the Schools of the Christian Brothers; nor visit the Bishop, Dr. Murphy, and his ingeniously contrived Library, all of which I greatly desired to do. This

Library, as I have been told, extends from the garrets to the kitchen: even the servants' beds when turned down, are so arranged as to wear the appearance of book-chests: and by eleven in the forenoon one may perambulate the dwelling, and deem the whole of it one vast receptable for the lore that "teaches us to live and die." Nor was I so happy as to catch even a passing glimpse of that real philanthropist, Theobald Matthew. We noticed a handsome Chapel he is building; but unfortunately the foundations are said to have sunk, and the work must be abandoned, and transferred to another site. On the other hand I did steam down to the Cove, but that was reserved for

July 20.—A day unluckily of rain, but of that soft sort which hurts nobody. We walked down to one of the quays near Patrick's Bridge, and embarked in a small steamer that plies twice a day between Cork and Cove. At two we started in a numerous company of vastly smart people all strangers to us. The belle of the party a very fine girl was evidently quite alive to her own charms. A young man with a conspicuously red head sat beside her paying assiduous court; and I was beyond measure amused at the manner in

which she contrived to coquet over his shoulder with my companion, trying in every possible way to attract his notice. I don't think poor Red-poll made much progress in the lady's good graces.

A German band composed of small boys played at intervals, which was cheerful and pleasant. We had Irish melodies, and German waltzes, jigs and polkas, very pretty ones too—but there was something ludicrous in the general effect of all the passengers, with cloaks, or in bare finery as the case might be, grasping tiny parasols, or unwieldy umbrellas, on which the "minute drops" fell "fast," and sometimes "furious;" ringlets yielding to the damp, and gloves clinging uncomfortably to the wearer's fingers; the poor musicians with the wet trickling from their caps, yet standing up heroically under the frequent showers, and playing with all their might. Faces grew pale with cold, and I think a little uneasiness in the vessel's movements as we neared the mouth of the river, yet everybody *tried* to look delighted, and I *was* so.

On turning a point (Passage, I believe), near Hawlbowline, the whole of the experimental squadron came in view. The sight of these gallant ships floating proudly in the harbour was one that

might well make an Englishman's or woman's heart beat high. There they were! Queen, Albion, Vanguard, all the three-deckers! Hibernia just come in with Sir William Parker's flag in the van; and near Hawlbowline the steamers were moored, rolling about in their war-dress.

This island has occasioned a good deal of argument among the antiquarians (so I was informed by a sapient brother of the fraternity), and a few of the most sagacious deduced its origin from three ancient Irish words, signifying, "The Island in the Sand, with water round it:" whereas the islet derives its appellation simply from the seafaring men accustomed to the term hawlbowline, bestowing it on the spot.

A nautical cousin of my own, moreover, depones to the fact, that sailors nearing the island, are heard to cry amain "hawl yards!" they must tack so often in order to weather the point. This in substance much resembles the old Gaberlunzie's ungracious and pertinacious solution of Monkbarn's difficulties anent the Kame of Kinprunes. "Fortification here, or fortification there, I mind the bigging o't."

The harbour is landlocked, and a very narrow

entrance, screened by batteries, protects it; no foreigner would suspect it led to a space large enough to contain all Her Majesty's line of battle-ships. A native gentleman addressed himself to me, and pointed out the various objects with infinite politeness, and animation, assuring me there were more ships of war in harbour then, than he had seen in Nelson's time. They kept the place all alive, and were looked upon as exceedingly welcome visitors, I could plainly perceive, and no wonder for they spend mints of money when in port.

Cove is a compact, odd-looking town; it runs down to the shore, and contains amusement for a couple of hours my friend said, though in what way I proved not, being chained to one spot on the deck by the thickly falling rain, while the steamer remained its hour alongside the pier. There are no trees visible in the Cove, and the long points of the shore crowned with batteries have very much the barren aspect of Malta.

We steamed back the same way by which we had come, repassing and taking in passengers at Passage and Blackrock. At last we re-entered Cork; but it continued too wet for rambling about the streets which was a tiresome *contretemps*. The shops are

handsome, and there is a bustling, crowded, business-like look very different from the generality of Irish towns, which alas! have no trade. I heard there was a vast deal carried on here, and a quantity of shipping actually in the port. The merchantmen come up to the quays to unload.

I hope a story told me of the corporation is untrue: that last year upon a very considerable sum of money being bestowed by Government for the sole relief of the poor, the Town Council kept it very snug till the recent distress; hoping to save their own subscriptions by doling it out after-date. However the transaction got wind, and the newspapers took it up, whereupon these worthies transferred the amount to its original purpose, being moreover necessitated to untie their own purse strings in the way of indemnification.

Wages are shamefully low here. Women earn but threepence, men eightpence per diem. How *can* they, out of this pittance, insufficient to feed themselves, keep and clothe half a dozen children, and pay rent into the bargain? What can they have for the purchase of the commonest household utensil? What in case of sickness, scarcity, or old age?

Bread was execrable here; peas like bullets. All the way from Kilkenny, I have remarked numerous sitters by the wayside; itinerant vendors of gooseberries, with unripe, watery faces, and semi-green apples, redolent of cholic; *where* these spring from I know not, as throughout my peregrinations I counted but five orchards, and never saw a gooseberry bush or a cherry-tree any where. Some of these women were marvellously picturesque; I noticed one handsome creature in particular, presiding over a monster-basket, pinched in at the middle, that nearly concealed her behind its unusual proportions; the handles were wreathed with vine leaves; and of a surety I did not expect to encounter any thing so artistic out of Italy. My beauty wore a dark blue cloak with a collar and cape trimmed with quilted black satin. This showed off to advantage her glistening braids of pale gold hair, and a pair of very soft dark blue eyes, made her charming.

Bonnets are totally unworn by the lower classes throughout Southern Ireland, and the maid servants trip along in their plaited caps, like Frenchwomen.

CHAPTER IV.

July 21.—Having a long march before us, we desired to start in good time. The horses were accordingly ordered at half-past nine A.M., the bill over night, and when breakfast was over, we sallied forth to look at the quay nearest our hotel, hoping to find the carriage ready for a start to Killarney on our return. A picturesque Greek barque lay alongside the quay, the men in their fezzes and blue caftans, and ample trousers. The ship was owned and navigated by an old man and his son; it was the first of Greeks ever known to touch here, and had excited universal curiosity. It came freighted with Indian corn, *on the strength of the Free Trade.* I wished the gallant adventurers a

golden harvest, and good luck to their next trip. These men displayed amazing courage in venturing so far; for your Greek now, as in the days of the old blind bard of Chios, eschews the perils of the open sea, and loves to scud inshore, that he may take refuge in the nearest port in the event of a storm.

Not a single thing was done when we walked back to the hotel. The horses were to be fetched, the harness was to be repaired, the boy to be washed and dressed; one boy at least, for we had to take four horses, the stage being twenty-four miles. The bill was not even ready! Our tempers were tried, and redress was out of the question. Posting here, as abroad, is conducted under a different establishment from the house of entertainment; and the people belonging to this, were unaccommodating and uncivil. They were all Scotch. I never met with any attempt at overcharge, or disobliging behaviour from the Irish themselves. By half-past eleven, one boy who had undergone a severe scrubbing, seated himself, with a face that glistened again; his leader refused to move; however, lashing brought him into a state of progression, and we were off! Beggars

all round us, vociferously demanding sixpence. The most clamorous of old women was, I learnt, in the enjoyment of a pension, but as my informant, the hostler, a douce steady chiel, affirmed, "Begging's a habit wi' them, whether they want or no."

We pursued our way beside the Lee, and the first object of note I observed was Carrigrohan Castle, that stands finely on the limestone crags above the river. It was founded by the Maccarthys, a great name in these parts. Further on is Ballincollig, where the Lee is joined by the Bride. There is an old castle here also.

At Macroom we stopped to change horses, and found a very clean little inn; the market going on under the windows gave us something to look at. I like of all things to watch a hive of human beings, and try to read their story in their faces; and these appeared to have rather a pleasant tale to tell than otherwise. Though poor, they were not badly apparelled, and greeted me with smiles; though of their number were a shoal of terrible beggars. The smiling "neat handed Phillis" brought us some excellent bread and butter, and a few slices of the hardest corn beef and saltest ham in the United

Kingdom, with which, by the help of some porter, we eked out a sufficient luncheon, and started afresh on a thirty-two mile stage.

Macroom stands on the Sullane. Mr. White Hedges' Castle commands the town; the street curves under its walls. It is a nice old pile, covered with ivy.

I have rarely traversed so wild and picturesque a road as the remainder of our journey to-day. First came Carrig-a-Phouca, a square tower, raising its solitary head among rocks and little lakes. A most famous place for the pranks of the spirit-horse, who may career in "the viewless air," "over moor, over fell, thorough bush, thorough briar," with his flame-breathing nostrils, and none to impede him, or cast an anathema upon his steeple course propensities; he may have it all to himself, and come in winner every day if he please.

Heaths and furze were in luxuriant bloom; here and there plots of potatoes, and a sprinkling of tiny cabins; the moisture trickled down their walls, the floors were a mass of wet mud, and the roofs half sod, presented as lively a vegetation as the gardens, in moss, houseleeks, and oats. Children scampered by the carriage side, begging "a ha'penny, buy

book," from the two-year old, who kept me in perpetual agonies lest the wheels should terminate its career, to the big boy and girl of ten, alike bundled in rags, with shock heads and anxious countenances, who fought and scrambled for the pence. In the outskirts of every village I saw a hedge school. The poor tattered master sitting patiently in the midst of his *more* tattered pupils, with shreds of books in their hands, and the cabin they were crammed in, black with smoke, and obscure, because windowless.

At Ballyvourney the smoking horses were watered, and here again the rosy chubby knaves besieged us for pence. Here a good national school should be established to satisfy their cravings for knowledge.

This mountainous tract lasted the whole way to Killarney; the day was showery, and occasional glimpses of sunshine made the surrounding scenery only more beautiful. Rivers and lakelets, giant crags, and rocky cliffs overgrown with fern, tufts of lichens, and down-dropping wreaths of ivy, met the eye at every turn of the winding road. The lowlands are mostly pastures; and flax and potatoes flourished side by side.

Great strings of one-horse carts passed by us,

laden with bales of goods, barrels, &c., and numerous flocks of pretty white goats.

Between Ballyvourney and Flesk we entered County Kerry.

A most romantic scene burst upon our delighted vision at Glen Flesk; Turk Mountain came in sight, Croghan, and the great chain which encircles Killarney. Mangerton was between us and the Lake; how I longed to bore a hole through it, and catch a peep at the long-desired object! but I was obliged to bridle my impatient curiosity. Below us, the river Flesk pursued its silvery track through cornfields and meadows, lit up most exquisitely by the fitful sunbeams, and in the rear, the glorious everlasting mountains were brought grandly into ever-varying relief by the shifting lights and shadows.

Here, however, we met with rather an untoward accident. In passing a solitary shebeen, the mounted leader overshot his trace, too long for safety, in an endeavour to reach the well-known stable. The crazy leather snapped, and the beast fell, kicking as he lay so desperately, that he drew blood from the unhappy wheeler's nose. A soldier most civilly came to our assistance, and the owner of the shebeen, a fine athletic, rubicund-faced peasant; and by

keeping the creature's head down, which a boy sat upon very coolly, he was disabled from doing any more mischief; not, however, before he had so firmly wedged his hind foot in the pole leather, I thought the hoof must have been wrenched off in his struggles.

We meanwhile descended, and stood shivering in the wet road, waiting the result. The carriage, a heavy one, stood on the brink of a precipice, and was completely dragged on one side in the fray. Happily no further harm ensued, and while the broken harness was in process of repair, I reseated myself, and sketched the lovely scenery, though a more able limner than myself would experience the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of doing justice to its merits. But a drawing made on the spot is always valuable to the traveller; and memory, that chief ingredient in all our pleasures, helps to supply the deficiencies of the pencil, when far removed from the scenes it has feebly attempted to pourtray.

Mr. Herbert possesses a shooting-box here, and I looked out for the abode of the "O'Donoghue of the Glens," a name so appropriate to the regions we were approaching. Flesk Castle stands proudly on an eminence, commanding a magnificent coup-d'œil

of the Lake, and is itself a conspicuous object. I forget the owner's name.

Killarney is long and straggling, and like a French village, as all the Irish are. The one street is so narrow there was little room between our vehicle and the walls for pedestrians, of whom many were walking about, evidently felicity hunters like ourselves. They are building a superb Catholic Church just without the town, quite a Cathedral, with a lofty spire, in such perfect taste, and the site is so well chosen, that from every point of view, as I afterwards observed, it adds a feature to the landscape.

Following Lord Kenmare's park wall, who owns a most extensive demesne, we turned into the neat lodge gates of the Victoria Hotel, lately established by the spirited Mr. Finn. Here every comfort attended us. Excellent apartments, good beds, and abundant provender; neither had we reason to find fault with the bill; and the civility of Mrs. Finn, her hand-maidens, and waiters, was truly pleasing.

The first *coup-d'œil* of the Lake might perhaps have disappointed me, had I not been a veteran traveller among Alpine scenes; and aware, from experience, that a lake never appears so grand in its

proportions from the shore, as when you are upon it, and moreover, that you must dive into its recesses for the beauties the distant eye cannot embrace. There it lay before the windows, black as a newly washed slate, covered with foam, for the waves were really high, from the wind that came eddying down the valleys with immense force. The summits of Mangerton and Macgillicuddy's Reeks appeared through the misty wreaths that gathered round them ever and anon, and I just caught a glimpse of Ross Castle, on the edge of the water. All about it and Mucross, near it, is beautifully wooded.

A party landed from an excursion on the "dark and stormy water;" they looked cold and comfortless; but the hotel soon rang with their merriment. They were a troop of actors, who, after supper, whiled away the hours by singing and rehearsing, and it was late before their bursts of laughter allowed us to close our eyes. I admired the preparations for walking expeditions I saw outside the ladies' bed-room doors: uncommonly well made Wellington boots, of small dimensions, dandily lined with green silk, that told of prodigiously mountainous intentions.

The rain came down in sheets, and the wind

roared mightily; and I thought with despondency of the morrow; particularly as the Traveller's Book was full of pathetic appeals to Dan Phœbus; of complaints of his fickleness, and lamentations over days of rain spent without the possibility of stirring out.

In the evening a woman, by name Eagan, presented herself with a quantity of curious specimens of fancy articles wrought in Arbutus wood, that beautiful native of Killarney. Card-cases, work-boxes, &c.; pins and crosses, manufactured from the horns and hoofs of the red deer. One small chess table particularly attracted me; its pillar, most elegantly turned, was made of the black oak, and well designed; the squares comprised a variety of tints, according to the age and size of the tree, and whether the stem, branch, or root were employed: *this* is very dark, prettily grained, and takes a fine polish. The other wood is equally handsome, but redder. The price of this table was ten guineas. There are more manufacturers than one of this commodity, the *sole* trade of the town, and tables are sometimes made at the cost of thirty guineas, and sent carriage free to London. I promised my acquaintance to mention her husband, James Eagan,

to my English friends, who will find *marquetterie* in this little town equal to any Florence or Belgium can produce. These poor people have no winter employment whatever, and their sale of these fancy articles is of course precarious.

Our sitting room was panelled off from a larger one, converted sometimes into a ball-room; and the exceeding excellence of the painting in wainscot oak led us to inquire if it were the real wood or not. The artist quitted his native place, Killarney, to improve his fortunes in London.

Mine hostess informed me their house was built with a view to security from winter storms, which rage furiously in these whereabouts; and the spray from the lake frequently dashes against the walls, though nearly half a mile from the landing place.

July 22.—Hurrah! the sun shines, and the winds are still; I see the gleam through my window curtains, and when the "colleen bawn" brings me a jug of hot water she greets me with "'Tis the first fine day we have had this week; sure 'tis to plaze ye intirely, and *you* wishing to see our Lake so much."

Spillane the bugler, and a jaunting-car had been ordered over night; and after a capital breakfast of

salmon toasted on arbutus skewers, the "dainty dish" of these parts, sold at 3d. per lb., away we hied. The car was rough, and the road was rough; I was tossed hither and thither like a ball, and held on between fear and laughing — tightly, my wrist became cramped with the tenacity of my grasp, and my shoulder black and blue from the iron bars of the driving seat.

The scenery charmed me. On the right lay Aghadoe and Lady Headley's place; on the left, McGillicuddy's Reeks, Purple Mountains, and the Gap of Dunloe. This we were to cross on horseback, and our ponies trotted on in the van. Presently we found ourselves on the banks of the Laune, where the scenery was enchanting; a perfect Claude might be painted from it. The river sweeps broadly by, under the shade of large trees on the margin opposite us, bordered by rich-leaved water weeds. John O'Connell's house is seen nearly under the Gap of Dunloe, a curious cut in the hills between the Tomies or Purple Mountain and Macgillicuddy's Reeks, and some way on the right, a five arched bridge flanked by a graceful group of ash, and bounded by blue hills in the distance.

Little boys tending goats beside the stream, offered us bouquets of heath arranged very prettily, star fashion. It was a perfect scene in Arcadia.

Turning sharply round, we crossed the bridge, and I remarked that our poor horse began to flag. "Och, thin," says our conductor, "'tis the *kindest* little beast in all Kerry, and used to the road, she is; and bedad she'll nivir stop till she gits there." By *kind,* I apprehend friend Sullivan meant *willing.* A nice merry fellow was he, though struggling with poverty and an increasing family just out of "the fever;" and I never relished anything so much as the wit that was bandied between him and Spillane, in their entertaining and never-flagging conversation.

He pulled up at the angle of a steep wall, and invited us to alight, or rather to mount upon it from the "wing of the car," in order to see a cave full of inscriptions in the Ogham character. But, alack! my climbing powers did not amount to the effort requisite for scaling the fortress (a wall at least six feet high on each side, without an abrasion on the surface to assist one's footing); by the bye, methinks the proprietor might leave a loop-hole, or postern, for the traveller to creep in at, for these

Ogham Stones are rare, and it went sorely against the grain with me to relinquish the sight of the only one I came across.

Over a tiny bridge, down a sharp declivity, and then began the ascent to Dunloe: and a magnificent specimen it is of the sublime. Wild and cultureless —it seems to be the very end of the world; its sole habitants, ragged ponies and little Kerry cows, picking their sustenance from out the masses of stone. Our little mare threaded her way with unerring precision along a narrow track that wound up between the cliffs, sometimes very precipitous, without any fence—now crossing little bridges of single arches, through which flowed Alpine streams —now sliding over great flat stones. Between the broken pieces of rock, strewed about in all directions, grew ferns, heath, saxifrages, gentians, and many more plants peculiar to the moorland and Alpine regions; one large and beautiful flock of white goats were skipping about over the crags, while their wild, half-fed looking herd sheltered himself under a jutting cliff: his brown garments and slouch hat were wondrous picturesque, the sharp dark eye peering out from its shadow; and I wished for the pencil of

Salvator Rosa, or Rosa da Tivoli, to sketch him off with his shaggy charge.

Spillane told me he was acting as guide to four Englishmen once, fresh from Oxford and Cambridge, who inquired of him as to the mental resources of the inhabitants of these wild regions; where, nevertheless, learning has set up its seat, though in the bye-ways and hedges. "There," said he, pointing to much such a mountaineer as the one we were contemplating, "he'll speak for himself, I'll engage he has Latin at his finger's ends."

"Impossible," responded the Sassenachs.

"True," quoth Spillane, and he beckoned to the goatherd, who, leaping from his lair, soon stood before them.

"Now which would you prefer," asked one of the Englishmen, "a good dinner, or to talk Latin?"

"Och, thin, it's the mate I am for," he quickly answered.

"Fall to, then, and we'll talk Latin by and bye."

When the good things with which the merry travellers had loaded the poor fellow's plate were despatched, they addressed him in Latin. Fluent were his replies. He beat the sons of Alma Mater

in the tongue of ancient Rome, and caused them to say, they must go back to their books.

A couple of pretty little lads ran some way in our company, begging for sixpence. "What do you want it for?" "Oh, to buy book—price of book." *Larning* was the universal cry here. These were merry little souls, and jabbered away in Irish, shewing their white teeth as they laughed with us.

When about half-way up the glen we pulled up, and Spillane dismounting, began a succession of plaintive passages on his bugle, which were repeated by the echoes, and prolonged to admiration. He challenged them in various ways, by grotesque shrieks, which provoked infinite merriment, and sounds alternately warlike and wailing. I never heard anything so beautiful.

Hereabouts grew quantities of our London Pride, and upon my expressing a wish for some roots to carry home, Sullivan sprang down and tore up a large tuft. "Ah, then," said Spillane, "that's too much entirely; why wouldn't ye leave some for the next comer?" This query led to such a volley of good-humoured bantering, I must endeavour to give as much of the confabulation as I can remember, by

way of a specimen of Kerry wit, though in so doing I act the unpleasant part of a filterer, which does not improve the strength of the article.

Sullivan to this made answer, "Is it the next comer? Why thin let thim as comes after us take care of thimselves. Sure the Priest christens his own child first," and winking and laughing at me, "'tis ourselves we'll first think of."

"Well," answered the bugler, "ye're in the right, man. D'ye know ther's ilivin commandments?"

"How d'ye make that out?" quoth I.

"Sure," said he, "when the Priest do be asking me how many commandments is it, I say plase yer Riverince there's ilivin, and the ilivinth taches us to take care of ourselves."

"Well, thin, that's what iviry man does, I'll engage," shouted the laughing Sullivan.

Spillane continued bugling, and I remarked to the driver, "Your friend will be hoarse."

Off he went with, "Commodore, d'ye hear that? The mistress says ye'll lose yer wind."

"Well," put in my companion, "then he must do like other commodores, and whistle for a wind."

"D'ye hear that, Kerryman," asked Spillane.

"May be he'll git out of his latitudes, and git beyont it," retorted Sullivan.

"Oh!" said I, "where's the use of whistling for a wind, when the bellows are broken?"

"Ah! thin, there's the Kerryman beat intirely, where is he now?" exclaimed Spillane, and both burst out into such a peal of joyous, contagious laughter as never was heard.

Listening to their *bon mots* and witticisms, rather distracted my attention from the scenes before me; it was the first opportunity ever afforded me of hearing the genuine Irish humour in full play, and I entered into it heartily.

Beside a little lake, smooth and black as a steel mirror, we alighted from the car, and mounted the ponies. Frederic's made free use of his heels, so I gave them a wide berth. Mine had but one eye, but was a "jewil of a beast."

Children were in waiting with roots of white heath, water lilies, and the antlers of the red deer for sale: and a man let off a little mortar to startle us, and the echoes together.

We pursued our upward way through the gap, passing the turnpike, a huge single stone; every

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now and then turning our steeds to look back on the wild curious spot full of savage grandeur. The Tomies or Purple-Mountain rose on our left; the colour is quite beautiful, the name derived from it, for it is of a gorgeous violet all over, and in all lights.

I picked up a purple pebble by way of remembrance; as also one of a pretty green colour.

The Glyn ascends by gigantic steps as it were, in each of which lies a silent tarn fed by the streams that unite them all, and go leaping along over the stones, and under the little stone bridges that connect the path. High up stands a lonely shebeen, where we were invited to enter and sip the mountain dew. A thick mist swept over the hills, enveloping us every now and then, and wetting the outer garments; but after we gained the summit of the pass, and were half way down the opposite descent, it happily cleared off; and we saw beneath us the Comme Dhuv, or Black Valley, enclosed by mountains, down whose precipitous sides several streams were rushing towards the green pastures; and farther on at the end of the vale, the upper lake appeared in its gradually opening beauty sprinkled with its numerous wooded

islets that rose up out of the water like green tufts.

So very lovely was the whole scene, I forgot wet, cold, weariness, and fright; for truth to tell, my long unaccustomed ride over precipices, and bogs, had given our guide but a poor opinion of my horsemanship, I fear, from sundry appeals for help made in rather plaintive tones.

On we rode over pastures, and through bogs, crossing the quaking land on stepping stones; all of which abounded in rare and beautiful ferns and wild flowers similar to our water plants. Some countrymen who joined us were eager to pluck any I wished for.

At last we came to Lord Brandon's pretty cottage, and went through his groves. He has built a tiny Round Tower near the dwelling.

Growing in a ditch that runs down to the boat-house I first discovered and gathered that noble fern the *Osmunda Regalis,* whose blossom bears so singular a resemblance to the antlers of a stag. It grows from six to ten feet high.

Here our boat lay in readiness for us, with four rowers, and our servants, who had sped down the lake; and more fortunate than we, had seen the

eagles, a noble pair of birds that build in the crag named after them.

Famished nature now began to put in a claim for something to eat; so we moored off Ronayne's Island, and scrambling up the steep sides found on its summit a nice grass-plat on which the provision basket was unpacked, and spread out. This, like all the other islets dotted about, consists of a limestone rock thickly overgrown with arbutus, yew, holly, ash, rowan, and birch all self-sown, with undergrowth of whortle berry and heath. The berries of the former used to be gathered and sold to the manufacturers as a dye, till it was found the colours were not permanent.

Other boats coming down the lake made the scene a gay one, and we several times passed the Knight of Glynn fishing with some friends in his pleasure boat.

Turk looks grand as you go down stream; and I turned my head constantly to catch the fading glories of Purple-Mountain and Macgillicuddy's Reeks, which we were fast leaving behind. Spillane said we ought to have come up the lake instead of pursuing the course we did.

Our crew were a merry set. The bowsman

"Teddy the Frenchman," so called by his comrades, whose butt he was, from his nearly unintelligible stutter, his long, lean, lanthorn jaws, hooked nose, and yellow skin, was formally introduced to our notice by Spillane, who told me that on Teddy's first entering into service in a gentleman's family, he was carrying in dinner, when lo! the pudding was missing.

"Why, Teddy," asked his master, "where's the pudding?"

"Is it the pudding, yer honor; why thin, I—*heated* it."

"Heated it, you rascal! What did ye do that for? Surely the cook made it hot enough!"

Poor Teddy with rueful face could only stammer out over and over again that he had "heated it;" which being interpreted, meant that unable to withstand the charms of the dainty, he had devoured the said pudding, but his conscience would not allow him to deny the theft. Poor Teddy got his discharge however, and is now bantered by his fellow boatmen about it, who inquired if "the misthriss" meaning me, had heard the tale.

"O! of course not," said Spillane, "we wouldn't

hurt the poor fellow's feelings that way;" having just whispered it into my ear, sly rogue! as he steered the little craft.

Teddy rejoices in another *soubriquet*, as we learnt when under the Eagle's Crag, a fine tall pyramidal rock which rises majestically out of the lake. They call him "Teddy the Aigle," because he fearlessly scales the cliff, and steals the eglets. He volunteered procuring us a pair, and bringing them free of expense to Liverpool. I could not bear to cage, and break the heart of this liberty-loving bird.

Opposite Eagle's Crag we lay to, and Spillane disembarked, to give us a touch of his bugle. He played the Groves of Blarney, and nothing could exceed the beauty and correctness of the repetitions which lasted eight or ten times; and the curious part was, that the boatmen declared we did not hear the bugle at all, only Echo's sweet voice.

Here on a large flat stone sat huddled together half a dozen bare-legged women and girls with kerchiefed heads, and in their hands wooden beakers full of poteen and milk, who, springing up, besought us to taste the mountain dew. We could not well leave the country without doing so, and yielded to their entreaties. Horrible as the

mixture was, we quickly resigned the residue to our crew, giving one old crone a shilling to divide amongst them. This became rather a bone of generous contention, for the boatmen refused to rob "th' ould woman of her dhrop poteen," and she would not keep all the shilling, while her sisterhood refused their share in it on account of their liquor having been untouched. So she waded into the water up to her knees to the boat's side, explaining in her broken English the whole matter, which ended in our deciding that she should keep sixpence, and the remainder be divided among the girls. To this all laughed and nodded assent; and one lively looking black-eyed creature tucked up her feet in her petticoats, and sat looking at us with smiles and nods, while the old "crather" placing the dudeen between her lips, and drawing her gown tail over her head smoked away with infinite complacency. She was very near being shot last summer for an eagle by some English sportsmen, who, seeing her rise from her seat with her cloak hanging across her arms, took her for the eagle spreading his wings for a flight. One levelled his gun, and Spillane was only just in time to cry

"Hold! 'tis th' ould woman," ere he pulled the trigger!

The steerage between the Middle and Upper Lakes is extremely intricate: an inexperienced pilot would be completely baffled. In places it appears perfectly land-locked; the sides are covered with trees, though not of large growth; and I saw many lying felled, and ready for transport. Here the native red-deer herd in considerable number. A stag-hunt must be a gallant spectacle; and I wished it had been the 1st of August, on which day the sport begins.

Glenà is a lovely spot. Here Lady Kenmare has not only a fishing-cottage of her own, but has built a very pretty one for the accommodation of travellers and picnickers. The vivid green shone out with the afternoon sun upon the foliage, and behind, the lofty mountains formed a fine screen.

Mr. Herbert's cottage is also very attractive. We were to have seen a water-fall near it; but having, alas! but one day at our disposal, we were compelled to relinquish this, Turk Cascade, the O'Donoghue's Horse, and all the wonders of the Middle Lake, and make the best of our way to Lord

Kenmare's demesne of Ross, where we landed, close to the *débris* of the old copper mine, which has long ceased to be worked, and from hence we overlooked the Middle Lake, with its curious isolated rocks, which assume various forms, and are accordingly named. We discovered one exactly similar to a white horse saddled, and scrambling up the bank among some reeds; and no doubt this will be pointed out to the next tourist as a new piece of fairy-craft.

Ross Island is laid out and planted, and kept tastefully and carefully. We strolled all over it, admiring the plantations and well-stocked nursery, where everything seemingly flourishes: the variety of ferns and evergreens, the well-swept walks and drives. Between the trees we enjoyed pretty vistas of the Lake, and the opposite shores; and I equally admired the taste of the noble proprietors, and the liberality with which their grounds are shewn. But every creature spoke of their kindness; and Lady Kenmare seems to be the tutelary deity of Killarney.

At the extremity of Ross Island, or rather peninsula, stands the old Castle of the O'Donoghues, clad in ivy,—a very striking object from the water.

I climbed to the top of the tower, whence the view is enchanting from all quarters. This place sustained a terrible siege of the English, under Ludlow, in 1652, and was then ruined. We told Spillane we were owners of an ancient castle, which also fell under the power of Cromwell. "Ah! the iron-hearted villain!". cried he, "surely he has had the curses of all the women of your family." "No man," returned I, "ever went to the other world so heavily laden with them, be assured." This seemed to comfort the good man's perturbed spirit.

By the time we reached the boat, which had rowed round the point to meet us, and fairly settled ourselves, a storm came over Macgillicuddy's Reeks, making that extremity of the Lake quite dark-purple; and as the sunbeams slanted down upon Ross Castle, in one rich stream of golden light, I never witnessed any effect more beautiful than the vividness of the green hue brought into prominence. The little peninsula was like a chrysophras set in amethyst. As we rowed slowly away, I could not take my eyes off the picture.

We passed divers other small islands, all wearing the same features; the little water-hens started up

at the splash of the oars from their shelter among the water-lilies, and the birch and ash dipped their feathery boughs into the lake. We shot the Weir Bridge, and one or two besides with a double arch; one high, one low, and at length our prow touched Innisfallen. Here, the rain came down so fast, and I was so exhausted by fatigue, I made no attempt to land: although I desired exceedingly to have trodden these solitudes, where were written the famous Annals of Innisfallen, composed, as is asserted, about A.D. 600, and containing extracts from the Old Testament, and a compendium of universal history down to St. Patrick's time about 432.

We now steered for the hotel, as the evening was blustering and threatening, and made the best of our way up from the sedgy landing-place to a comfortable dinner, and blazing turf fire, which helped to repair the extraordinary exertions of this most delightful day.

After dinner the waiter enquired, if we chose to hear Gandsey the Piper. Now Gandsey—thanks to Croker's "Legends of the Lakes"—was an old familiar of mine; and a ready admission was accorded to him and his pipes. But ten o'clock

struck, and he came not, so to bed I went, driven by sheer fatigue: the musician being detained by another party, or possibly by the fairies.

We had bade adieu to Spillane, who is quite a character: he served in some Militia regiment as Bugler, and upon leaving it, was re-summoned from Killarney by Lord Middleton, who then hunted the Warwickshire hounds. For twelve years he lived with that eccentric nobleman, and took the field with his bugle. Spillane is evidently a favourite, and proud of his reputation. He told me how his old Colonel had sent him five pounds to buy a snuff-box; adding, at the same time, how *he* never used any other than that his old Bugler had presented to him. He toiled up the Gap, and down the Comme Dhuv with us—steep and precipitous work—with a step as firm and active, as if he had not been a veteran of sixty-five winters, which had scattered a few white hairs over his black head, though the fire of his penetrating, intelligent, dark eye remained unquenched. I felt sorry to part from him so soon, as I perceived he had good store of stories to tell, was a most fluent chronicler, with abundance of ready wit.

CHAPTER V.

July 23.—Nothing could exceed the violence of the tempest that came on in the night: it raged against the house, blowing full from the mountains; the water poured down in sheets, like Genoese rain; and unless really weather-tight, the house must have been swamped.

We nevertheless ordered the horses, and started at ten, the weather having begun to clear; and it did not rain much afterwards, though the wind continued high all day.

It is a wretched dreary drive to Castle Island, over heath and moorland, with little variety: tedious too, from its length. The country is very singular: we crawled over hill after hill, looking down on wide-spread valleys, all tilled precisely alike, with

potatoes and corn, separated by tumble-down fences. No trees, and very few habitations. We saw in the distance, winding among the hills towards the parish Church, two rustic funerals, whose followers were mostly on horseback. A jolly-looking farmer, in a long frieze coat, carried behind him a buxom woman, *en croupe*, jogging along happily enough. These damsels sported a coloured handkerchief, tied over the head, or the hood of the always picturesque blue cloak, and gaily flowered gowns, looped up so as to show a dark or quilted petticoat.

All the potatoes we remarked were on the go. Sometimes in regular stripes, black and green; sometimes one patch would be blackened, the rest healthy; and all those affected holding down their heads as if frost-bitten.

At Castle Island there is a tidy inn: but not a morsel of anything to eat could we get in it. We were detained here two mortal hours by the want of post-horses, during which I amused myself sitting in the carriage by watching the natives, all of whom, men and boys at least, were at work in the street, road-making, upon the funds of a Government grant. They were breaking up lime-

stone, and several pretty fossils were collected and brought to me.

At last Frederic sallied forth, and spying a bread shop with two men leaning against the door, entered, and asked if he could buy a roll. The men pointed to a "girleen," sitting in the shop, who vanished to call a woman, who at last comprehended his wishes. Presently she trotted off to the carriage, armed with a large basket, in which she had spread a clean cloth, and furnished it with bread, cheese, butter, a bottle of porter, clean plates, and knives. Her whole appearance was highly picturesque. Her hair glossy black, with eyes of the same hue, bright with health, *nez retroussé*, rosy cheeks, and very fine white teeth. Over her head she wore a red and blue striped shawl, like a very Lucchese, her white neckerchief was pinned neatly over her bosom, and her checked apron and dark blue gown were new and spotless. Her "large useful feet" were bare, and she trod upon the newly broken sharp stones that lay scattered about, with a firmness and facility long habit could only give. The good humoured creature handed in her basket, and we commended both the matter, and the manner of her bringing.

An overseer of the works in this town told Mr.

West that the neighbouring gentry had contributed little or nothing towards the wants of the poor, whether absentees or residents, mainly depending on Government. One gentleman who possesses £12,000 a-year, had contributed but £25, and had just taken a shooting-box in Scotland, for five years. A nobleman not far off, had given nothing. Lady Headley, who has very little property in the place, out of her kindness and generosity, had alone given £60. These facts speak for themselves as to the *management* of the Irish poor! and here was an enormous Government grant expended in making a grand and over-wide road, while the adjacent farms are not *half*-cultivated, and rag-weed and ox-eye rise rampant in every pasture.

I noticed herds of fine cattle grazing about the town, and the ruins of a castle where the road book says, "Gerald, fourth Earl of Desmond, called the Poet, was assassinated," and that Queen Elizabeth granted the town and lands adjoining to the Herbert family.

There is something in the very name of Desmond, or the Geraldin, that awakens all one's sympathies, and calls up all that one can fancy of the great, and noble, and beautiful, of the chivalry of other days.

I have just named Gerald, Earl of Desmond, as a poet: here is the character of one of his successors, taken from the Book of the Pedigrees of the O'Clerys, an old autograph, unpublished Irish manuscript in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, which proves the cultivation of learning and letters among the Irish nobles of that day to have been considerable. It is an interesting biography in miniature of the unfortunate Earl, and quaintly told.*

"The fate of Thomas, son of James, Earl of Desmond, i. e. the ninth (eighth) Earl. Thus did it happen unto him, viz. John Tipto (Tiptoft) Earl of Worcester, came into Ireland as Lord Justice, called by proclamation of the English of Ireland to the great council of Drogheda. And bad was the counsel there agreed upon; viz. to behead Thomas, son of James the Earl, without impeachment of crime, right, or law, but merely from envy or hatred, the man of best mien, and form, wisdom and intelligence, of either English or Irish of his time. No praise bestowed upon him could be too high. The sorrow and affliction of his death was felt equally

* See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Vol. II. p. 339.

by the English and by the Irish. This Thomas the Earl, invariably overthrew and put down his enemies whenever he fought with them. Great indeed was the battle in which he overthrew the Butlers on the Suir, and innumerable were the hosts of them that were slain and drowned on that occasion. He likewise gave several overthrows besides, that are not here enumerated. A lord intellectual, and learned in Latin, English, and Irish writings, was that Thomas. It was he that gave the great overthrow to the Macarthys, at Reidh-an-Eichbluidhe. The 5th day of February the Earl was beheaded, and forty-two was his age at that time. At Tralee was he buried 1467."

This curious document purports to be a literal translation from the Irish.

Midway in the direct road from Cork to Limerick, is Kilmallock, which has been denominated to me the "Palmyra of Ireland," abounding as it does in vestiges of antiquity; it was the ancestral seat of the Desmonds' power and magnificence. It takes its name from a castle built conjointly by Macarthy More and one of the Earls of Desmond.*

* See Moore's History of Ireland, Vol. IV. p. 121.

"The Geraldines, the Geraldines, 'tis true in Strongbow's van,
By lawless force as conquerors, their Irish reign began,
And, oh! through many a dark campaign, they prov'd their prowess stern,
In Leinster's plains, and Munster's vales, on King, and Chiefs, and Kerne;
But noble was the cheer within the halls so rudely won,
And generous was the steel-glov'd hand that had such slaughter done;
How gay their laugh, how proud their mien, you'd ask no herald's sign,
Among a thousand you had known the princely Geraldine.

The Geraldines, the Geraldines, time wears away the rock,
And time may wear away the tribe that stood the battle's shock,
But ever, sure, while one is left, of all that honoured race,
In front of Ireland's chivalrye is that Fitzgerald's place;
And though the last were dead and gone, how many a field and town,
From Thomas Court to Abbey Feale, would cherish their renown;
And men would say of valor's rise, or ancient power's decline,
'Twill never soar, it never shone, as did the Geraldine."

I met with these spirited couplets in "The Casket of Irish Pearls."* They flow from the gifted pen of Thomas Davies, and perfectly illustrate one's idea of the noble Geraldines.

* See p. 19.

Were I asked to pitch upon the ugliest and dreariest spot in the all-wide world, I should name Wellesley Bridge, just above the junction of the Rivers Ulla and Ullahan, on the borders of County Limerick; it is enough to make one whine out many an "Ullagone!" There is nothing to relieve the eye from the monotonous waste before one. The very hills have all the same aspect, and the prevailing colour is that of the bog. The numerous little ruined fortresses are an absolute type of the country; rent by contention, levelled by oppressors of every class, stripped of resources, naked and forlorn. Yet here the parallel stops, for though we will hope the necessity for these little dens of war has ceased for ever, and that *they* will not revive, there is a vitality in the *soil* that must make it under a *proper management and distribution* fully capable of sustaining its millions.

Look at the miles I have traversed, uncheered and unadorned by any gentleman's mansion, to which the suffering poor may appeal in time of winter or distress, for coals, or clothing, or even a drop of soup!

Abbey Feale is situated on the Feale, and has some fine old ruins of an ancient abbey for Cister-

cian monks. The inn was clean, the people very civil; I made a few inquiries as to the pauperism of the place, and received the same answer as heretofore. "The people were half starving, but there was none to help; they looked to God and the Government."

Beggars besought us to aid them, and it went to my very heart to refuse any. I did venture upon a remonstrance with two old souls, and asked why, having a Union, they did not go into it? At last after conferring together in Irish, one said: "Is it the Poorshouse she manes? why thin, by no manes are we consinting to go there." The post-boy cut our colloquy short by driving off.

The Unions throughout Ireland are handsome Elizabethan structures, with ample windows, and a general air of warmth and cheerfulness about them, but too much neglected with us.

Fraser in his Guide Book speaking of the desolate appearance of the country hereabouts says of one particular tract: "It extends from the Shannon on the North, to the Blackwater on the South, comprehends nearly one thousand statute miles, contains only two villages, and two resident proprietors, the Knight of Glynn and Mr. Leader, of Dromagh, on

the banks of the Blackwater. The distance between these houses is thirty-eight statute miles." I insert this in proof of what I have alleged as to the poor Irish being suffered to remain in this state of dismal, hopeless inactivity and friendlessness. Were there any trade or manufacture, things might be different; but there appeared to be nothing going on, nothing exposed for sale beyond the commonest eatables, or little retail shops for snuff, pins, or such like small articles; and when we *did* see a respectable tradesman's better furnished than the rest, we simultaneously exclaimed as at some marvel of note, "Look, there's a shop!"

We were now on high ground; after climbing a little higher we turned the side of the hill, and beheld beneath us as fair and fertile a plain as the eye could desire to look upon, were it all properly tilled. But here *was* better farming, and fine crops of grain on either hand, and good-looking farm-houses and yards full of well garnered ricks; besides ruined towers and castles occasionally seen between the clumps and rows of trees, altogether a pleasing prospect.

All this improvement is probably owing to the vicinity of Lord Devon's abode, Newcastle, which

we were approaching. This wide vale is hemmed in by the Castle Oliver Hills, Slieve-Phelim and Galty Mountains, and extends north to the Clare Hills beyond the Shannon.

The postillion who brought us here kept us on the *qui vive* by his antics and vagaries. He walked beside his horses, strong, shaggy beasts, a considerable portion of the way, it being a gradual ascent; but the moment we were on level ground, or commencing a descent, he lashed them into a gallop, then springing up on the splinter-bar, he stood astride, with out-stretched arms brandishing his whip, and urging them on with loud Hur-roos in wild Irish, then crawling along the pole, scrambled into the saddle, and by way of after-thought, but by no means as of necessity, gathered up his reins, and drove soberly forward. This was nervous work for inside passengers in a hilly country, and we made sundry zig-zag movements, but the animals understood his ways, and he theirs, and we were not upset.

The little town of Newcastle is snug and pretty. A moat divides Lord Devon's castle from the high road. It constituted part of the residence of the Knights Templars of other days. The inn stands

hard by on the banks of the Arra, over which hung weeping willows and the bright pink blossoms of the willow herb. Higher up was a rustic bridge where women and girls were washing out clothes, kneeling on the bank, or standing in the stream they beat them against the stones as folks do abroad.

Coffee and cold meat were served to us here by a handsome dark-eyed lad, with a true Greek countenance; he was very civil, though rather uncouth, and his face brightened all over when he received a trifling addition to the usual guerdon.

The mistress of the hotel was English, and had kept house here five-and-thirty years. She told my maid that formerly she could train young servants, and make something of them; but that now O'Connell had such sway over the minds of the lower orders, they were all for redressing their own grievances, by any mode but that of working, and that her authority in her household was generally set at nought by some counter-quotation from that of the great Kerryman.

Rathkeale, on the Deel, seemed full of soldiers. It is long, and boasts many good-looking shops. You see the hill of Knockfierna beyond it, where the

fairies hold court to this day; and without the walls stands the old castle of Viscount Southwell, with several other gentlemen's seats.

In passing through a village, some little distance from Rathkeale, I singled out another country beauty, very different from my first. She was tall and stately, and evidently quite aware she was beautiful. She was dressed in a superior style too, with a fashionably cut gown and collar, and a black apron. Her shining black hair "it was snooded sae sleek," and the turn of her throat, a remarkably white one, caught my eye before I could distinguish her very pretty features. She was talking earnestly to a young soldier, who with his fair hair and ruddy complexion, formed an excellent contrast to his handsome mistress; and as she sat on a low wall, her hands folded before her with an air of gratified pride and contentment, he standing lovingly and respectfully at her side, I thought the group was perfect. Hard by was a cottage, hers no doubt, not so bad as the generality, yet still a poor one.

Such a fair young creature may be, was the rustic belle who held in thrall the heir of the proud Desmonds; another Thomas, who, according to Leland, being benighted at Abbey Feale, sheltered

himself at the house of the Mac Cormac, one of his dependents. "Catherine, his host's beautiful daughter, inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation to his family." His misfortunes did not end here; he was expelled his estates and the country, and died obscurely in a convent of friars, at Paris, A.D. 1420.*

For this anecdote and the pretty ballad which follows, written to commemorate the circumstance, I am indebted to the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," edited by Charles Gavan Duffy, a most interesting collection, particularly when compared with the ballads of the Scottish Border, which are mostly redolent of war and necromancy, of maidens who "loved not wisely but too well," of fickle perjured swains, tyrannical husbands, relentless sires, ruthless brethren, and cruel mothers and sisters, and consequently make slight appeals to the tender feelings; while the Irish ballads, on the contrary, touch every chord in the human heart, breathing the

* See Moore's History of Ireland, vol. III. p. 169.

tenderest love, trustingness, and devotion, strong parental affection, and enthusiastic patriotism.

THE DESMOND.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whispered near me,
As the threshold I cross'd,
There was ruin before me,
If I lov'd I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train,
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure
If poured out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look upon her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No, man for his glory
To ancestry flies
But woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Woman, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to divine.

Though the dark-eyed charmer who called forth this digression cannot expect to rival the high fortunes of the Bride of Desmond, I hope at least, poor girl, she will never have to lament over a recreant lover, like the heroine of the succeeding most exquisite "Brigade Ballad, by Denny Lane," called in Duffy's collection:

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

Air.—THE FOGGY DEW.

On Carrigdhown the heath is brown,
The clouds are dark on Ardnalia,
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the angry Ownabee.
The morning blast is sweeping fast
Thro' many a leafless tree,
And I'm alone, for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, ochone Machree!

The heath was brown on Carrigdhown,
Bright shone the sun on Ardnalia,
The dark green trees bent trembling down,
To kiss the slumbering Ownabee.

That happy day, 'twas but last May,
'Tis like a dream to me,
When Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
We'd part no more oh stor Machree!

Soft April showers and bright May flowers
Will bring the summer back again;
But will they bring me back the hours
I spent with my brave Doinnall then?
'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France,
To wear the fleur-de-lis,
But I'll follow you, ma Doinnall dhu,
For still I'm true to you, Machree!

Here are no upbraidings of the loved and lost; true herself, she confides in Doinnall; and were she to speak to him, the deserted maiden would, in the heart-touching language of another poet, say thus to the truant:

Fear no reproaches for the gladness
I was content for thee should fade;
Fear no fond jealous woman's madness,
I can endure, but not upbraid.

The whole poem is so graphic, and pourtrays so real a scene of natural beauty and deep though simple love, it does honour to the heart and mind that conceived it; and I believe this unselfish, trusting affection to be the very essence of the Irish female character.

I trust I shall be pardoned by the Editors and not thought the worse of by my readers, if I give myself the pleasure of extracting another poem from among my favorite ballads. It finds an appropriate place here as bearing upon the fairy peculiarities of the hill of Knockfierna or Knockferina, which I have had occasion to name. Its wild passionate outbreak of grief, its pure affection, its varied images of past happiness, and present woe, render it a peculiarly characteristic as well as excellent specimen.

A MUNSTER KEEN.*

BY EDWARD WALSH.

On Monday morning the flowers were gaily springing,
The skylark's hymn in middle air was singing,
When, grief of griefs! my wedded husband left me,
And since that hour of hope and health bereft me.
Ulla gulla gulla g'one.

Above the board where thou art low reclining,
Have parish priests and huntsmen high been dining;
And wine and usquebaugh, while they were able,
They quaffed with thee—the soul of all the table.
Ulla gulla gulla g'one.

* Properly *Caionhe.*

Why didst thou die? Could wedded wife adore thee
With purer love than that my bosom bore thee?
Thy children's cheeks were peaches ripe and mellow,
And threads of gold their tresses long and yellow.
Ulla gulla gulla g'one,

In vain for me are pregnant heifers lowing,
In vain for me are yellow harvests growing;
Or thy nine gifts of love in beauty blooming;
Tears blind my eyes, and grief my heart's consuming.
Ulla gulla gulla g'one.

Pity her plaints whose wailing voice is broken,
Whose finger holds our early wedding token,
The torrents of whose tears have dried their fountain,
Whose piled up grief on grief is past recounting.
Ulla gulla gulla g'one.

I still might hope, did I not thus behold thee,
That high Knockferin's* airy peak might hold thee,
Or Crohan's* fairy halls, or Corrin's* towers,
Or Lene's* bright caves, or Cleana's* magic bowers.
Ulla gulla gulla g'one.

But oh! my black despair when thou wert dying,
O'er thee no tear was wept—no heart was sighing—
No breath of prayer did waft thy soul to glory,
But lonely thou didst lie, and maimed, and gory.
Ulla gulla gulla g'one.

Oh! may your dove-like soul on whitest pinions,
Pursue her upward flight to God's dominions!
Where saints' and martyrs' hands shall gifts provide thee,
And oh! my grief! that I am not beside thee!
Ulla gulla gulla g'one.

* "Places celebrated in Fairy Topography."—*See Duffy's Ballads.*

The ballad poetry of a country is universally acknowledged to be the best key to the national character. Through it is heard the heart-voice of the people. It is the most popular literature, and the rulers of a country would do well to initiate themselves into its peculiarities.

Let us leave the fierce Border ballads of Scotland for the songs of good green wood, the hunting songs of "Merrie Englande;" tales of Friar Tuck and his quarter-staff, of bold Robin Hood and his exploits; of all the field sports so very dear to the fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked, blue-eyed son of the Saxon! Traditions of how the ladye went forth with her falcons, and the knight with his grey-hounds; how the forest echoed to the horn of the hunter, and resounded with the twang of the mighty bow that once grew green among the yew-trees. Then the feast when the chase was o'er, the smoking haunch, the wassail-bowl, the flagon of sack. Is it not all a true picture of England's honest-souled sons, glad-hearted, brave, hardy, rejoicing in their vigorous manhood, never laggards in the field either in sport or war, generous alike to friend or foe;—whose very Turpins and Hoods restored fourfold to the aged and needy what they

took from the strong and wealthy; uncultivated, it may hap, unlettered, and sometimes lacking in courtesy to the gentler sex, yet ever ready to do battle for helpless woman or oppressed fellow-man, and supremely happy in the enjoyment of animal life.

Now quit these lively but boisterous scenes, and turn to the Lais of Southern France, "lais tender and true." Let us enter the lists foughten for

> "Ladies whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and judge the prize,"*

and behold how they were worshipped with the intensity and purity of the saint on her shrine.

Scan the glowing achievements of the Spanish Moors in their wild romances, whose brief, truncated measure aptly depicts the fiery emotions of love and glory, jealousy and vengeance, of those ferocious beings whose nostrils snort,* and whose moustache

* Milton's Allegro.

† Eso dixe el Rey moro
Relinchando de colera.
Ancient Moorish ballad.—See Childe Harold.

curls, while under the influence of the angry passions, whose very affections are like hurricane gusts.*

Follow the luxuriant fancy of "the Empire of the Air,"† in its Will-o'-the-Wisp wanderings, over forest and mountain, down into the very mines, where the dark gnomes join in grotesque dances to the light of blazing ingots. Down beneath the waters of the Rhine and Danube, where the Siren of Lurley waits to clasp her mortal lover in her death-giving embrace; and where the Scaly River-King lies craftily with his outspread net, to catch the young angler whom he lures to destruction with the ripe cherries that hang over the tranquil stream, and the golden fish that glitter beneath its perfidious waters! Follow the flight of those ministering beings that fold their purple wings around the couch of innocence and infancy! Those angels of the heart who bear and sustain to the further end of the world the chain of sympathy that connects two hearts that love,

* See Appendix J.

† The empire of the sea belongs to the English, the empire of the land to the French, that of the air to the Germans.—*Madame de Staël's Germany*, vol. i. p. 2.

making time and distance of nought-avail to sever them!

Behold in each of these a nation's peculiarity of feeling—of character in thought and action! Ireland too, has her Messengers of Death; her blood-curdling Banshee; her Spirit-Horse, the redoubtable Phooka; her cunning little Cluricaunes, who ply their never-ending task of watching gold, under pretence of cobbling shoes; her tiny fairies, a brilliant throng, who hold their dainty moonlight revels in the "slanting woodbine," or round the magic-ring, sweeping over Killarney on sweet May morn with the great O'Donoghue, or, mayhap, kindling the long extinguished Beal-Fires on the summits of the Round-Towers, when human eyes are closed in slumber.

But there exist few records of their early beliefs. Most of the Irish bards are of modern date; however, all the combined talents of the country are now helping to foster popular feeling, and they are not low in the scale of intelligence. Their words come home to their country-people—an essentially poetical one, whose common parlance is *poetry*; and their wrongs have assumed a tone of sentiment that touches their very hearts' core; while on the

other hand, their so-called Patriot-Songs are trumpet-tongued.*

This brings me to the Priesthood, a much abused race, who I have not hitherto had the opportunity of naming. No doubt amongst them, as amongst ourselves, there are "black sheep, or wolves in sheeps' clothing"; but on the whole, I believe the working-clergy (I speak of the Catholics) to be a very meritorious, self-denying set of men. A man must be only less than an angel, who could reside, *ad perpetuam,* in some of the superlatively wretched districts I have travelled through. Deprived of all society, and living only to benefit the miserable wretches he is there to tend, *he* fulfills his mission *well,* who does it in the spirit of the following most eloquent—most touching ballad, which I draw from the same source as heretofore, viz: Duffy's Collection.

SOGGARTH AROON.†

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon?
Since you did shew the way,
Soggarth aroon,

* For a specimen of these see Appendix K.

† Soggarth aroon—*Priest dear.*

Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth aroon?

Why not the poorest man,
Soggarth aroon?
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon?
Her commands to fulfill,
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon?

Loyal and true to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Nor out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you,
Och! out of fear to *you!*
Soggarth aroon!

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth aroon?
When the could blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And on my earthen flure,
Knelt with me sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon?

Who on the marriage day,
Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth aroon?

And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to *ring*,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth aroon?

Who as friend only met,
Soggarth aroon?
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth aroon?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth aroon?

Och you! and only you,
Soggarth aroon,
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth aroon,
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth aroon!

If this be not poetry, what is? Heart-thrilling —graphic! Will those not be good priests who have such chroniclers? And will not *such* chords, struck by a master-hand, find an echo in every feeling heart? The poor, desolate Irishman clings to his Priest, as to his best—and in many cases, *only* friend; and believes himself not utterly abandoned of Heaven, while his spiritual guide remains to him.

But this very devotion on the part of the parishioner, devolves on the Priest a most serious responsibility. If he lead him wrong; if he stir him up to ungodly means for treasonable purposes; if he wilfully keep him in ignorance, that he may rule supreme over his thoughts and actions; if he use his kindness only as a cloak, to lure the miserable victim to factious outbreak, or desperate, blood-stained crime; then, indeed, will the Priest have to answer for a heavy sin before the Judgment-seat of God: for of all wickedness, among the greatest is that of "enticing a brother to do evil;" of all perfidy, the worst is mis-used influence.

While on the subject of the Priesthood, I must express my disapprobation of a practice I found general in Ireland, which it strikes me is not very commonly employed even in other Catholic countries, and my cognizance of the matter fell on this wise.

A knot of gentlemen were talking together in a friend's house, and one said:

"Have you received any compensation money, lately?"

"Yes," replied another, "the Priest brought me thirty shillings the other day."

"And to me he brought four pounds," said the first. "I told him I was not aware I had lost any thing; but he insisted on it I had. I maintained that I was positive I was not the worse for any theft. Well, there was a good deal of argument and persuasion on his part, and it ended in my pocketting the three sovereigns, and giving him the fourth for distribution among his flock, which pleased him very much."

"What *do* you mean?" enquired Mr. West, much interested in the debate.

"Why," returned the first interlocutor, "when a man robs you he confesses it to the Priest, and *he* obliges the delinquent to restore either the whole, or a part of the property, under pain of excommunication, or penance of some sort, to *him*, and he himself gives it you back; but you never know the thief, and he may be in your very house. This is called Compensation Money."

This delegation of justice into the hands of the clergy, out of its proper channel—the magistracy, so extremely improper, is one of the fruits of partial justice, and negligent mis-rule in Ireland. It needs little comment.

How warm-hearted are the people, is evident

from their innumerable terms of endearment. The "cuishla-machree," "vein of my heart," "gille machree," "whiteness of my heart," "mavourneen," "my darling," "asthore," "my treasure;" and all the good wishes poured forth on the head of a benefactor, the genuine overflowings of an affectionate nature.

I shall never forget the look and emphasis of an Irish girl, who was in attendance upon a dying friend of mine, who she had accompanied to London. I was asking for her sick mistress, and said, "Ah! you poor thing, how sad this is for you, and how glad you will be to get back to your own country."

"Yes, with *Herr!*" was the emphatic, comprehensive reply of the faithful Bride. But, alas! she returned alone, and broken-hearted.

Had these people been dealt by in the true spirit of justice, humanity, and Christian charity, Ireland would long since have ceased to be the opprobrium of England in European eyes, and its inhabitants a blot on social life; but, I trust its "dark ages" are on the wane, that improvement will be carried out by its native landholders, that its ladies will interest themselves for the poor in the more

deserted regions, and establish charities similar to those we support, such as penny clubs, shoe, and coal clubs, above all assisting to form national schools. Then gratitude will take the place of servility, hope of despondency, cleanliness and industry be substituted for habits of the opposite tendency; and religion and education will, it is to be hoped, correct the deep dark passions which so often accompany a very ardent temperament; and which have come to the Irish by descent from the fervid blood of the Milesians and Spaniards.

Charity is administered in some places, as Bray, for example, in districts, each lady taking turns to inspect the schools, and visit the sick and afflicted; but I inquired in various places in my tour through the province of Munster, whether the paupers met with any relief in winter particularly, and was told they never heard of such a thing as soup or bedding being given away. Indeed, few and far between were the mansions that could have supplied them. Charity, however, *never fails* where there is a Community of Christian Brothers, or Sisters of Mercy.

We are now entered upon the finest soil and best style of cultivation we have as yet met with. It is

Adare Country, where I remember to have read a tribe of thrifty, hard-working Germans were introduced some hundred and fifty years "agone," as an old friend of mine used to say, by Lord Southwell.

No weeds to be seen here: but large, broad, open fields filled with yellow, heavy, waving grain very nearly ripe. Splendid crops of turnips, besides barley, oats, rye, potatoes, and magnificent clover—good fences well "redd up." All the farms substantial homesteads. The peasants cleanly, comely, and well clothed. We traversed many miles of this sort of satisfactory farming, and I grudged the twilight that was stealing on apace, and robbing me of the pleasure I had promised myself in seeing Adare, "the Ford of the Oaks." Lord Dunraven has a castle here, and there are fine abbey ruins, and the River Mague meanders through them; but the darkness came on so thickly I could only discern the broad shadow of some venerable trees on the surface, as the moonbeams flickered through them feebly.

The sound of waters is always sweet, and this came softly on my weary ear, and there was a stillness about this place that made me attach

perhaps a greater charm to it than it really possesses by daylight. But though I could not see, I *felt* its quiet beauty, and my maid assured me afterwards it was the prettiest place we had passed. She being outside saw better than I could.

On we drove through the darkness to Patrick's Well,* so called from a well close by, dedicated to St. Patrick—a place of votive offerings. The inhabitants perform pilgrimages to it, tying up shreds of rags to the bushes by way of *ex-voto*. This is an inn of very prepossessing appearance, with green shutters and porched entrance: and I felt a longing desire to stop and rest my wearied frame here, instead of posting on to Limerick. There, too, we should have seen Croom, a little place off the road, remarkable inasmuch as it is an old strong-hold of the Fitzgeralds, and gives the motto of Crom-a-boo to the Duke of Leinster.

The Irish name of Macroom—*Magh Cruim*—is of great antiquity, signifying the "Plain of Croom," who, according to antiquarians, was the Supreme Deity of the ancient Irish. Mr. Windle says, "he was adored under the name of *Crum Cruagheoir*, and

* See Appendix L.

is supposed to be the same as Zoroaster. His altar was the *Cromleac*, and his priest the *Cromthear*."* This *par parenthèse*. Meantime, the horses ate up their hot meal and water, and after a very tedious Octoberish-starlight journey, and not till eleven at night, we reached Limerick, entering it on the fine bridge which spans the Shannon.

The streets looked broad and handsome, and were all lit up, for the assizes had pursued us here, and we found Cruse's Hotel full, to our dismay. However, the very civil landlord seeing a lady, and, as he said, "a very tired one too," would not turn us away, but got two young barristers to vacate their rooms, into which we were installed with all possible speed.

* See Willis's Ireland, p. 47.

CHAPTER VI.

July 24.—My waking eyes opened in Limerick, the "City of the Violated Treaty," the scene of English Puritanical treachery and oppression towards the vanquished Catholics. Limerick, celebrated for the beauty of its women, the excellence of its gloves, and the texture of its lace. Opposite the sitting-room windows flowed the broad waters of the Shannon, and I could see five arches of the old Thomond Bridge, at one extremity of which still stand the ruins of King John's Castle, where exists, so they tell you, the identical stone on which the treaty, rendered so *in*famous by its breach on the part of the victors, was signed and sealed. A flour mill, and portions of the ancient town, made the further side picturesque; and blue hills rose in the distance completing the picture.

Immediately in front of me, and opening from the grand street—the "Calle Mayor" of Limerick—was a spacious quay, peopled with marketers bringing country produce for sale to the boats moored alongside in the rude carts of the country—nothing but the frame of the common car, with a square wattling on the top, in which lay screaming pigs, and fowls, turf, butter, and vegetables. Soldiers, intermingled with the peasants, gave variety to the different groups. The men looked sturdier, the women taller and stouter, than elsewhere, but beauty saw I none.

The shops appeared good and well plenished, and the street was all alive with bustle and passers to and fro.

There are several handsome bridges: Wellesley Bridge, which is comparatively new; Athlunkard Bridge, of five arches, which we looked down upon in leaving town; Baal's Bridge, queer heathenish-sounding name,* which wears a most venerable appearance, though said to have been built so recently as 1831; the troops were marching over it to the sound of "trumpet, fife, and drum." On one

* See Appendix M.

hand was the market-place, a very tidy well-filled one, and crowds of country people gathered to listen to the martial music. A deep shadow was thrown over this branch of the river, with heavy looking buildings in the rear; and it strangely reminded me of Pisa, with its old gloomy nooks and corners.

To escape the persecutions of a "jingle" and a guide, we walked to the cathedral, but were followed by both; so, dismissing the former, we retained the latter, who was quite determined not to relinquish his prey. He conducted us through the filthiest alleys, past brokers' shops, and all sorts of abominations, to the Cathedral, which has large trees in front, and is otherwise surrounded with walls and mean habitations. It is a plain structure. My great inducement for visiting it was to perform my vows at the shrine of that departed saint, Bishop Jebb, who for so many years filled the See of Limerick, and out of the fulness of a heart beating with real Christian charity contributed to the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of both Catholics and Protestants, and received the affectionate homage of all persons of either creed, whom he swayed with paternal influence. It is a fine monu-

ment, placed near the altar. The good old man is sculptured, sitting in a favorite arm-chair, with his episcopal robes flowing round him, and his countenance is expressive of peace within, and good-will to all.

Not so pleasing is a monument in the chancel to the late Lord Glentworth, who lies in a recumbent posture in a *négligé de matin*, with hair and whiskers fashionably arrayed and trimmed. I object to worldly fopperies in the effigy of a departed human being intended to be deposited in a place of worship; and, moreover, the contrast of what is *within*, and what *without* the tomb, must painfully affect the survivors.

Most particularly I desired to climb to the top of the Tower, in order to trace the wanderings of the Shannon, which I knew must lie as in a map beneath me; but my wish was frustrated by a twofold cause, sufficiently ludicrous, though not to me. First, the wind, which became a perfect hurricane, rendered it impossible to maintain any footing on the highest steps of the belfry: and next, in losing sight of my companions, I lost my head, and very nearly my equilibrium, so perforce I sat me down, and no better expedient could I find but in that

ungainly posture to perform my descent *beaver fashion*. It is not *always "facilis descensus"* as of a surety I discovered, with a brain spinning round, encumbered too with a weighty sketch-book. However, I thankfully reached terra firma at last, though the stiffness produced by this cramping of the whole person in my fright down these unusually steep stairs was such, I could not walk for three days without so much pain and flinching, and suppressed ohs and ahs, as to occasion mighty wonderment and compassion among waiters and chamber-maids, when I alighted from the carriage with excessive difficulty; and one poor body, after hearing my tale of distress, enquired very pathetically, "Why then, poor thing, did they pull yer foot?" It was thoroughly provoking to be baulked of my bird's-eye view, and lamed at once!

The bells of Limerick are celebrated in song as the work of an Italian, who losing all in his own sweet southern country, came hither to live within hearing of his *chef-d'œuvre*, whose sound had haunted his imagination ever since. Sailing up the river, he heard the bells beginning to peal, and the well remembered tones so affected him by evoking the images of all he had loved and lost, all in short

associated with them in his tender heart, that he fell with his head on his breast, and so expired, ere the bells had rung out their solemn knell for him—their artificer. It is a touching tale.

Rivers here always had a peculiar charm for me. I have drank of the waters of the Rhine, Rhone, Danube, and Isère, and explored the sources of the two former among Alpine wilds. I have crossed the Po, Adige, and Rubicon, and strolled beside the Loire and Seine, and "yellow-waved" Tiber; and the glories of the Shannon had oftentimes been painted by the hand of fancy in my visions. It is here a considerable stream doubtless, but I will own it disappointed my pre-conceptions on the whole; not being nearly so broad as I had pictured to myself. However, looking down upon it from the road, when bound for Nénagh, laving as it does the walls of this quaint old city, it appears far more important, and worthy of admiration. The word Shannon is so fine-sounding, and I had associated it in idea with forest-crowned banks, stormy rapids, and gigantic cliffs on either hand, but of these there were none; the shores are flat, and do not, so far as I could see, possess grand features. Indeed, a friend of mine considers it rather as a succession

of loughs, than as a continuous river of itself, and doubts the navigability of its actual bed, from the extreme shallowness of the water in some places, and the high falls in others, unless it were deepened into canals and assisted by locks. These might be certainly cut from north to south, and then there would be a great and much-to-be-desired influx of provisions and luxuries into many semi-wild and unfurnished districts.

I was informed that the works were going on higher up the country. Various antiquities have been dug out of its bed by the labourers, and conveyed to the Dublin Museums. Some of these were shown to me: they are mostly ancients, and were found near Keelogue, Bannagher, Athlone, Shannon Bridge, Portumna, &c., amongst them are brass spear-heads, swords, rings, iron battle-axes, brass pins, spurs, coins, &c.*

I really sneaked about the streets of Limerick, feeling ashamed of my country's deeds. Visit the Thomond Bridge after all, I did not; for our guide whether from folly or perverseness, or may be from a latent feeling of patriotism, so misled us, and took

* See Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, Vol. II. p. 594.

us such a roundabout way, we found ourselves at the new Suspension Bridge, instead of the famed in history; and after we had taken refuge several times under archways, from frequent pelting showers, time had so waned, we dismissed the idle rogue with an ill-earned shilling, and made the best of our way to Cruse's, paid the bill, and departed.

I regretted not exploring the city, part of which I understand is very ancient, and built with brick noggin, painted white and black, Cheshire fashion. This is called the English Town; next comes Irish Town, then New Town, which speaks for itself, and where we were quartered.

We went a couple of miles out of our way in order to see Castle Connell. Our polite host encouraged us to drive through Mount Shannon, a very pretty place of Lord Clane's. It occupies a rising ground in a bend of the river, and is a plain stone building with a Grecian portico. The plantations are not of old growth, but very thriving, and the drives most beautifully kept. I never saw anything to equal the pleasure grounds of the Irish gentry in this particular. The walks and carriage roads are commonly made of the grey, flat, river

pebbles, so much more agreeable to the eye than our flaunting yellow and red gravel, and the grass sides are so smoothly shorn, and the groves so judiciously thinned, it is a pleasure to see them.

But then their excessive trimness reminds one of the comfit castles, and sugar-paved walks of fairy land, where human foot never treads; and on the whole I think I prefer the hard-dinted, well-thronged appearance of the approach to a house in merry England.

At Mount Shannon I noticed a profusion of rich ferns, growing with the greatest luxuriance, and planted at regular intervals all down the coach road. This is a prettiness I mean to adopt at home. They have a very oriental look, with their bright green palmy tufts of spreading leaves; and perhaps the formation of this plant is amongst the most elegant, and most neglected of our Flora.

Turning out of the Mount Shannon grounds, we drove down through a wooded village to the banks of the Shannon; a pretty rural spot with the remains of an old castle of the O'Briens, Kings of Munster, covering boldly a knoll of some eminence just above us. This is Castle Connell in Tipperary,

a great resort of the Limerick felicity hunters and fishermen in summer weather; also famous for a Chalybeate spring.

There is a never-failing charm about river scenery; but I looked in vain for the celebrated rapids of Doonas. I saw fishing stakes driven in, and watched the play of numberless adverse currents, which no doubt, swollen in winter produce beautiful falls; but judging from the actual state of the water, I should say it would not pass a man's knee.

Emerging from the little hamlet, we crept up a steep hill and suddenly came upon the fag end, as I then supposed, of the great bog of Allen; with its pyramids of turf and deep black trenches full of water, so dreary and unlike every thing else. How very curious it is! The road is a raised causeway across it, and rather dangerous in places, as it was undergoing repair. In the distance we saw the mountains of Slieve Phelim, Arra, which rise from Lough Derg, and Slieve Bernagh. The outlines of all the Irish mountains are very soft, and wear that tender blue tint so observable in Sorante; an effect of the atmosphere, as they seem to melt away into it.

At Nénagh we halted, and in spite of the Assizes were made very comfortable. I never tasted any

thing so excellent as the mutton cutlets placed before us by the civilest and most active of waiters. The town was alive with people marketing, and attending upon the courts. They pressed upon the carriage, and a tall, clean hostler in a brown holland blouse indefatigably kept them at arm's length. Mr. West remarked an order and cleanliness in the inn-yard we had not met with since quitting England; and every department of the hotel bore testimony to the vigilant eye of a pains-taking landlord.

Our start was as smart as a crack turn-out for Ascot or Epsom. A good-looking, cheerful-faced boy in a spic and span blue jacket with bright buttons, velvet cap of hunting cut, top boots and doe skins, bestrode as shining and well-conditioned a pair of well-groomed little horses as heart could desire. The harness glistened like gold; he brandished, without using, a hunting whip, and looked occasionally over his shoulder to see what impression he made upon us. Be sure his fee was doubled as well as the hostler's, and we complimented him upon the cleanest stabling, and best posters in Ireland, when we reached Roscrea.

While eating their dinners at Nénagh, our

servants fell in with a respectable English bailiff who was journeying to the seat of his employer. He said he knew the country well, that the people dreaded each other as much as the extortion of landholders, and often affected a poverty to which they were in reality strangers, like the Jews of old; and for this reason, that they would be pillaged by all down to the hundredth cousin were their prosperity made manifest to the needier claimants of charity. He knew farmers "well to do" who could afford to give their daughters £400 or £500 a piece, who yet lived on potatoes and butter milk solely, and suffered the females of their family to go clad in rags, shoeless and stockingless, and went about themselves like the meanest vagabonds.

All this tract of country is pretty and fertile, diversified with country seats, and not in such apparent misery. Near Toomavára, the mountain called the Devil's Bit rears itself. There is a curious cleft in it like the gap of Dunloe, indeed several Irish hills have this peculiarity, just as though a piece were bitten clean out of them.

Between this and Dunkerrin we left the corner of Tipperary we had been crossing and got into

King's County; but at Roscrea, we found ourselves in Tipperary again for a few hours.

Roscrea is a dark, dilapidated town, with a horrible pavement, all round stones and mud. It lies between Slieve Bloom and the Devil's Bit, and is watered by the Brosna. I noticed the ruins of one of King John's many castles; and that of the Butlers, a fine remnant of antiquity, commands the town.

Just above the posting-house, I perceived the

ruins of a fine old gateway of that very beautiful

architecture so common in Irish ecclesiastical structures, with the pointed arch and chevron moulding. It forms a portion of the ancient abbey, which has been converted into the present church. Exactly opposite to it stands the Round Tower.

This was what I had come some miles out of the direct road to look at, so I got out of the carriage and pattered up the wet street to take a nearer survey. The people were rude, and would hardly make way for me to pass; I thought want had hardened their hearts, poor souls! It is quite hemmed in by habitations of one sort or another, so as to present a very imperfect view from the street; but in crossing the bridge as we left Roscrea, I looked back and gained a good view of it, with its triangular topped window, and the door whose remarkable double hinge is noticed by Petrie. Behind it the castle rose very proudly; this is used as a barrack. The Brosna flows past the base of the Round Tower, and altogether it forms a curious and pretty picture.

Our drive this evening was quite delightful the whole way nearly to Birr. The land undulates charmingly, and presents a greater variety of wood

and tillage than almost any we had passed through. The slopes of the hills were covered with promising crops, and I saw haymakers still at work in the lowlands. Their mode of carrying hay, strikes the English eye as both uncouth and slovenly; but an Irish gentleman who Mr. West met, assured him *he* was so alive to what he thought a defective system, he had used every endeavour to introduce the English plan of immediate stacking, but he found it of no avail. The quality of the grass differs; that of Ireland is so much more succulent, and the climate altogether so much moister, they are in a manner compelled to adopt a means different from ours and longer in its process, with a view to allowing the grass a longer period for drying. His stacks, he said, were sure to catch fire when the hay was exposed to the sun only the time necessary in England. It is raked up into numerous pointed cocks which are made and re-made, and left days, nay weeks to dry. When nearly ready to stack, they throw two or more cocks into one, and casting a rope over and under the mass, a man lies flat on the top to give weight, and a horse drags the burthen after him to the yard, or to a corner of some field where two or more stacks are formed.

By this means the ground is strewed with hay all wasted, and under every cock a yellow rotten spot is left, which of course spoils the look of the field for some time. In many places I saw men mowing down grass absolutely under water, which could only be used as litter I conclude; and hay-making was not over, though reaping was begun when we left Ireland.

Portions of the road were repairing, and being cut down a great depth, the narrow line left for passengers was anything but agreeable, or safe for a loaded carriage.

It was ten o'clock when we drew up at Birr, or Parsonstown in King's County. Just outside the town I caught sight of a beautiful Catholic chapel, alias church: for they call all their own places of worship chapels, distinguishing those of Protestants by the term church; a sort of enforced modesty that always jarred painfully on my feelings.

There is but one inn, the general appearance of which was very comfortable. We had a good sitting room, and a very spacious bed-room. The old woman who officiated as housemaid, told me it was a gay place, for a regiment was quartered here, and balls and parties were never ending.

There is always a little difficulty in getting together the concomitants of a repast. Paddy is apt to bring in one thing at a time, so that you wait unnecessarily. There was nothing but cold mutton in the larder, and at so late an hour the shops were shut. They never seem to feel the necessity of making any exertion to feed the hungry traveller, or perhaps I might, with more justice, say, there is so little travelling it is not worth their while to lay in much provision. However, capital tea and toast came at last, and by midnight we had succeeded in bringing the old lady of warming pans (I speak here negatively with a "*lucus a non, &c.*" as the house was guiltless of that comfortable piece of bed-room furniture), into training, so as to be able to retire to rest.

They have a dirty, lazy custom hereabouts, of keeping in one corner of the room a large barrel-shaped iron peat-box, into which all the sweepings of the chamber are committed. I asked a young rosy-faced serving-girl whether she did not think it would be tidier to convey it away in the dust-pan; she hung her head, and blushingly assented.

July 25.—I found, on looking out of my window, I was opposite a great big statue of the Duke of

Cumberland, erected on a column in 1747, to commemorate his Royal Highness's victories over the Scotch; a handsome compliment this to the Irish, and very satisfactory, no doubt, to their waking orbs, even at this time of day!

Vast droves of cattle passed through the square as it was market-day. Frederic sallied forth, and got into conversation with a respectable farmer, who complained bitterly of the failure of the potatoe crop, which seemed peculiarly great here, though the grain was abundant, and the soil generally very productive. Every cottage garden, even in the wildest, most poverty-stricken districts, teemed with vegetables, which really could only require thrusting into the rich black mould to thrive any where; such cabbages, so full and green, carrots, and onions, besides potatoes, sick, or well.

A couple of fowls, in this neighbourhood, fetch 1*s.* 6*d.*; geese 2*s.* 6*d.*; turkies, I think, were 3*s.*; at Killarney, eggs 6*d.* and 8*d.* a dozen, often less.

It was a very fine, soft-feeling day, after a rainy night, and we lost no time in proceeding to the castle of Lord Rosse, which is a remarkably pretty, well-constructed building of its kind. Upon asking permission to see the giant telescope, a civil major-

domo took in our cards, and presently returned with Lord Rosse's very obliging answer in the affirmative, and that his assistant should attend us. Accordingly, a very clever young man of the country, a genius, who assists his Lordship in every way, escorted us to this extraordinary effort of mechanical art.

The telescope is flanked by two masses of masonry which support it, and notwithstanding its ponderousness, is so well-poised, as to be easily moved by pullies, chains, and screws. It is fifty-four feet long, and six feet in diameter. We ascended the flight of steps constructed for the purpose of mounting into a small gallery, which by winding some screw, detaches you from the main building and there you are on a tiny platform, with a single rail, hanging to all appearance, in mid-air, like some trembling soul crossing the bridge of Mahomet. The whole thing is highly ingenious. Being on this platform, the telescope is worked in such a manner as to bring the little side window to the level of the eye. Into this the observer looks, and not through the end of the telescope: and on a speculum within, he beholds the heavenly bodies reflected, and most wonderfully magnified.

A lesser instrument we also saw, in shape something like a huge mortar, with side ladders to go up and down, giddy work; and then the house in which the astronomical observations are calculated, containing a third sort of telescope, and a box into which you step, in order to reach the top, and so screw yourself up by degrees.

We were also shown by our intelligent and obliging Cicerone, the place where Lord Rosse manufactures his own specula. After an infinity of labour and thought, he at last hit upon an expedient for making a speculum six feet in diameter, the largest ever made. The man told us his great difficulty was in the annealing; so many cracked with the heat of the furnace. The final process is the polishing, when they present a smooth *black* appearance, and are susceptible of the highest magnifying powers. The speculum is polished in about six hours, by steam apparatus, and a rotatory movement.*

* On this subject the following passage occurs in the proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, Vol. II. p. 4—5.

"It is necessary that speculum should possess, in the highest possible degree, the qualities of whiteness, brilliancy, and resistance to tarnish. Lord Oxmantown has found that these conditions are best satisfied in the *definite* combinations of four equivalents of

The castle walls bear testimony to the siege it sustained by Sarsfield. General Kirke relieved it. There are the marks of balls in the court-yard walls. Some fine lime trees and arbutus are scattered about the park, and there is a small piece of water.

We saw but little of the town of Birr, entering it at night, and only passing through its suburbs this morning, in our way to Frankford. There is little noticeable until within a few miles of Tullamore, when we passed some nice looking places in a more pleasing surface of country.

Lord Charleville has a fine old mansion called

copper, to one of tin; or by weight, 32 and 14·7 nearly. Metals, differing from this by a slight excess of either component, are, when first polished, scarcely less brilliant, but are dimmed so rapidly, that the lapse of a few days produces a sensible difference. On the other hand, some large specula of the atomic compound have been lying uncovered for years, without material injury to their polish. But this compound is brittle almost beyond belief; a slight blow, or even the application of partial warmth, will shiver a large mass of it. Though harder than steel, its surface is broken up with the utmost facility, and it has a most energetic tendency to crystallize. The common process of the founder fails with it, except for masses of very limited magnitude, as the cast cracks in the mould, and the subsequent difficulties of the annealing are such, that it has been a very general practice to use an alloy lower (containing more copper) than the atonic standard. However, Lord Oxmantown has succeeded, by a contrivance as simple as ingenious, in casting, at the first attempt, a *solid mirror*."

[illegible] close to the town. It looked [illegible] up and deserted, and was, so we understood. The [illegible]t and a party were fishing and bathing [illegible] the Clodiagh, which helps to form a large ornamental piece of water.

The entrance to Tullamore is rendered striking by the Gaol and Court-house, two excessively handsome buildings in their several ways; the latter Grecian; they stand off the road, on high ground. Here again the Assizes were at work, and the town swarming with people, bringing hurdled cars full of peat and potatoes to market. Many of these were neatly attired, and had rosy, cheerful faces.

The inn was well replenished with provender, which was lucky, as we were compelled to wait two hours, while our tired horses baited, none being at hand to carry us forward, from the run upon the road caused by the assizes. They set before us some delicious veal cutlets, good potatoes, French beans, and a capital cheese. The rooms were clean, and the attendants, as usual, very civil.

While at our luncheon-dinner, I was amused by the entrance, twice or thrice, of a curious little figure in large squared plaid trousers and shooting jacket. He carried the head and shoulders of a

giant upon a short thick trunk and legs, of some five feet. His uncropped hair formed a perfect glory of chesnut curls, about his broad ruddy face, and his large, round, goggle blue eyes, blue as a hedge-sparrow's egg, looked with excessive astonishment at us as we sat at our repast. Upon the waiter's entrance, I enquired who the gentleman might be, expressing a fear that we had usurped his apartments, for a bed chamber full of portmanteaus opened from the one we sat in. "By no manes," responded Paddy, "'tis a gentleman from Galway, as has been here dese three weeks. Och! 'tis afraid to go out in the sthreets he is, the sowl, for all the boys and girls do be laughing at him."

"Laughing! laughing at what?" said I.

"Och, then! 'tis the big head he has, and he knows it; and the boys follies him down the sthreet; so he stops here intirely, and nivir goes out at all."

"But why doesn't he go home?"

"Och, 'tis a pleasant place is Tullamore, and 'tis he amuses himself looking out of the windy; may be he'll stop some time; 'tis every year he comes."

"Poor man!" thought I, "his mind must be in an inverse ratio to the proportions of his body, that could find entertainment looking out on the streets

of Tullamore! What sort of a home has he, I wonder? There was something pathetic in his way of peeping in through our door, as if he would fain be on good terms with his fellow-creatures, but dared not, through a sense of the strangeness of his outer man, and I longed to invite him in, and by engaging him in conversation, draw out this forlorn Quasimodo."

Not far from Kilbeggan, in West Meath, the postillion called our attention to the demesne of the late unfortunate Lord Norbury, with a board stuck up, and lettered "To let."

"To let, is it?" rather soliloquized Mr. West, with his head out of window.

"Ay," said the boy, "*any* body may have it," with an indescribable jerk of the head and shoulder, that said more plainly than words, "if any body *will*."

The Irish never answer you with a plain yes, or no. I was so struck by this at Kilkenny, where the brogue is strongest and least pleasant.

"Can we see the castle?" I asked.

"Ye *can*."

"And will you order a car for us?"

"I shall."

"How many miles is it to such a place?"

"Sirr is it how many miles? why thin, two, I'm thinking."

And it all comes out with a jerking aspiration, only rivalled by the Spanish x's, g's, and j's, enough to tear one's chest up by the roots.

Kilbeggan is a largish town, on the Brosna, and has a great trade in corn.

Tyrrel's Pass occupies an acclivity. The church is a very pretty one, covering the summit, and sheltered among trees, and there are remains of a Castle Geoghegan. Lady Bridgewater beautified it by building a tidy square of comfortable houses.* It relieved the monotony of a drive amongst bogs for the most part, though in several places it lay through very pretty lowlands, varied by copses, and meadows bordered by hedgerows of thorn and hazle, —a rare sight.

At Rochford Bridge I heard a poor Scotch woman, who was begging her way back to the the "Land of Cakes," chaunting forth a peculiarly wild and plaintive air, in good keeping with the lugubriousness of the place. The wandering minstrel has always a

* Fraser to wit.

claim on me; and her expressions of thankfulness were painfully touching.

By the time we reached Kinnegad, a village of a single street, remarkable for being cleanly swept, I was too tired and giddy, from the constant whirl of the carriage to take many more notes. The hostelrie looked clean, and the host and hostess invited us in winning tones to enter and try their fare; but Enfield was decided upon, as it would lessen our journey on the morrow, and yield us a few more hours in Dublin: so to Enfield we pushed on.

We reached it between 10 and 11, P.M., and by moonlight the house of entertainment seemed to promise good cheer. It was nicely whitewashed, the windows twinkled forth from myrtles and laurestinus, jessamines, and rosemary trained against the walls, and I flattered myself we were very well off. Luckily the state apartments had been that morning vacated by a railway commissioner, whose box of colours lay on the table; so we entered upon a temporary lease of them, otherwise our accommodation would have been but scant. The filthiest of old slatterns, in the shape of chambermaid, assisted in preparing the sleeping-rooms; and well it was that night veiled the hideousness of the dirt and

dust the morning light revealed to my disgusted eyes. The beds were cold and comfortless; the carpets had *never* been shaken or swept in their lives; the wash-hand stand was a disgrace in a civilized country, and I felt afraid of what might happen to it if I laid my head on the sofa while waiting for tea! Our man-servant shared a room with Lord Donoughmore's coachman, and was overrun by rats all night! Our host waited upon us, and a patience-trying time he made *us* wait, before any signs of eatables appeared. At last the cutlets and a smoking bowl of delicious "praties," the tea, and loaf arrived by detachments upon the table; the kettle came singing in the rear, and we fell to. The old man was dirty, his house was dirty, and his one maid-servant; and all this for lack of a landlady's eye, and his own miserly habits, as I found out.

July 26.—Through the circumstance of a matinal and very detestable salutation of my ears, by the jingling of a horrible piano, touched with no seraphic finger, in the room directly under me. The ancient female aforesaid informed me these *un*musical sounds proceeded from "the mistress," a young creature of eighteen, just married to the old

sloven that owns the inn, who is a miser and immensely rich; and this was a new instrument just brought from Dublin, and she and her "*petit cousin*" were practising duets before they set off together in a jaunting-car to attend morning mass, it being Sunday. They were not *psalm-singing*, at all events, for jigs predominated.

I suggested to the Hecate, whose near approach greatly disgusted me, the improvements of which the establishment was susceptible, recommending the use of a duster, and a little soap and water in her own department. She owned I was right, but attributed the dirt, first to her "misthress's" indifference to all household matters, "sure she's a lady, and why would she be troubling herself?" and next to the railroad, "which fills every house with dust and dirt." Nothing in life is so convenient as a peg to hang one's defects on. *Antipatique* as I am to all railway proceedings, I must confess this charge to be very like that laid on the Buonaparte,

"Who fills the butchers' shops with great blue flies."

For railroad as yet there was none. *Soit dit en passant*, I do not think they can be very useful in

a country where there seem to be no passengers to travel, nor merchandise to convey; and with the innkeepers, they were very unpopular. They may perhaps succeed on the great thoroughfares, but I am sure branch-lines must be worse than useless here.

"Revenons à nos *cochons*," however. Words were wasted upon natural born lovers of dirt and eschewers of trouble, like mine host of Enfield, his wife, and his chambermaid, under whose roof from ever again finding myself, may the saints preserve me!

All the rest of the way to the capital took us through a rich, improvable country, and the thickly sprinkled cots and farms betokened thriving industry.

Passing the ruined church of Cloncurry, we traversed Kilcock, where however the feathered bipeds seemed to enjoy both life and plenary indulgence to walk and strut where they pleased. I may just remark, *en passant*, that while the "childre" go barefoot, cocks and hens sport cloth shoes, a fruitful source of entertainment to me.

As if there were not enough of living beings in every cabin, each possesses a lank, lean-bodied,

bristling cur. I saw multitudes of these promenading through all the villages, each with a bit of wood suspended round the neck, as big as their ugly hammer heads.

Here I saw a child and a pig eating out of a three-legged pot; one used a spoon, the other his snout, and seemed to be on terms of good fellowship, both of them.

One of our horses had a whimsical trick of *jibbing down hill.* English posters adopt an inverse line of movement, however various things are managed "with a difference" in the sister country, as the Dublin carman assured me while tucking my cloak about me to protect my petticoats from the mud that kept splashing up.

"Ah! thin bad luck to thim! for it's watherin the sthreets they are whinever the rain begins fallin'. Why wouldn't they wather thim, I say, whin it's dhry weather? Sure the spalpeens know no betther!"

Our poor wheeler, we found upon inquiry, numbered but four summers, and had never been in harness before, and as the rider sagaciously observed:

"Sure it's himself wasn't used to a gintleman's

coach any way, the crather! but niver fear, yer honour! niver fear, he'll bring ye *in*."

Bring us *in* he did, after a fashion, with the man-servant pulling him on occasionally; for the poor beast had no vice, but totally lacked spirit, and plainly desired to see cause *why* he should continue tugging at a heavy vehicle, in so inusitated and incessant a manner, with a great fat burthen on his back, to boot.

Kilcock stands on the Ryewater, a stream that divides Meath and Kildare. The ruins of the Round Tower of Taghadoe lay off the road, and the high hill of Cappagh.

The Lyreen flows past the pretty village of Maynooth. On its banks are the ruins of Larraghbryan church. Through the trees I perceived the monastic buildings of the college, and some fine old remains of a castle, pertaining to the Fitzgeralds of Leinster. Large trees overshadow this picturesque group, and on the left, occupying an acclivity, is a good modern church, whose precincts were thronged with respectable looking people of both sexes and all ages, in smart holiday garb. Numbers more were seen hurrying through the town to their different places of worship; and we felt almost

culpable at being the only persons occupied in secular matters. I longed too, to go and inspect the college and ruins; but so many things called us home, we were unwilling to give up an afternoon intended to be devoted to Divine Worship, in Dublin, and an after drive through its environs. There is a very spacious hotel at Maynooth, the width of whose staircase led me to suppose it must be some old family mansion house.

Our road lay parallel with two fine properties, Carton and Castle Town, the Duke of Leinster's and Colonel Conolly's. I observed various antiquities *en route*, like broken towers or ruined forts: and one or more singular mounds of earth—raths, or tumuli, I concluded—with a single tree growing out of the top.

Leixlip on the Liffey is lovely. Plenty of "greenth and gloomth," with bright waters and dancing sunbeams. We crossed the river on a stone bridge, with a beautiful view right and left. The steep banks were shaded by trees and shrubs, and the confluence of the Rye produces several pretty falls. The salmon leap, tumbling over the rocky ledges, causes the spot to be one of great resort to the Dublin citizens; and, above all, crown-

ing a most brilliantly verdant knoll, stands the Honourable George Cavendish's castle, one of the prettiest things I have seen in the country, embosomed in trees, and covered all over with wreaths of the greenest of ivy. I would fain have lingered in so sweet a spot and sketched the castle and river from the bridge, to say nothing of exploring all the green nooks where a fisherman would delight to angle, canopied by broad branching oaks, and ash with pendant limbs.

The Bard of Erin, in his interesting history, says of Leixlip, "Nor is it a slight addition to the interest of that romantic spot to be able to fancy that the heroic *Bruce,* surrounded by his companions in arms, had once stood beside its waterfall, and wandered, perhaps, through its green glens."*

Fraser states this strong-hold to have been originally built in Henry the Second's time, by Adam de Hereford, a follower of Strongbow.

The road continues to keep company with the brown sparkling Liffey the whole way to Lucan. Villas and cottages *ornés* adorn the steep banks, which are planted luxuriantly with all sorts of trees, and strawberry plantations slope down to the river

* Moore's History of Ireland. Vol. III. p. 63.

on both sides alternately with fertile meads and pleasure grounds.

Chapelizod is likewise exceedingly pretty, and Lord Donoughmore's woods at Palmerston lend a charm to the scene, otherwise agreeably varied. We skirted the Phœnix Park, entering Dublin on the opposite side of the river to that by which we had left it.

My admiration of the Four Courts, Quays, Bridges, and noble copper-domed Custom-House, so like the Dogana at Venice, was renewed as we drove by them to our former quarters at Gresham's, where we were made welcome by our old friend the facetious little waiter.

Instead of going out, I regret to have it to record that it poured a deluge all the remainder of the afternoon, so I had nothing for it but patience, and to sit at the window and watch five funeral processions, which, going down Sackville-street at the same time, full trot, were actually jostling each other in the street. They appeared to be mostly those of very young persons, for the small coffins were contained half in the boot and half on the back seat of the mourning coaches that bore them to their untimely graves. The mourners occupied the

front seats, and the horses were decked in dirty white plumes, to which the dripping rain imparted a still more draggled, dingy appearance. Three sat of a side in the cars, not to mention children on laps, or *stuck on* somehow. Almost all the men were smoking, the women and children munching apples or cakes, and all laughed and chatted under their umbrellas, while the rain streamed down upon them in torrents.

Sunday is a great day for burials in Dublin, among the Catholics more particularly; and judging by the followers, every clan must be a strong one. I counted fifteen cars in one procession, so *there* are ninety persons at once, leaving out the children, counting six to each car, drivers unreckoned too; and the remainder may have been as numerous.

Our most particularly humorous and saffron-complexioned attendant amused us, at dinner, with merry tales of his juvenile days, when a gentleman's servant at Brussels, during the battle of Waterloo. He himself having always had an especial aversion to the smell of gunpowder, left the fighting part of the business to his master, and chose for his share the "better part of valour—discretion," as the

guide of his actions, keeping aloof from the field of battle. That ended, he entered into a *Café* at Paris, and during a three years' residence in that "*ville boueuse,*" returned to Dublin with a worse opinion of the French, he said, than when he first made their acquaintance.

"Ah!" said the little man, "let them make what professions they will, you always find it is all blarney; a Frenchman is never sincere."

This reminded me of the old story of the Pot and the Kettle. He further expatiated on the jovial qualities of four gentlemen, who were then discussing their potations,—not *thin*, we suspected, from the bursts of merriment in the apartment opposite ours,—and declared a Spaniard, who was of their number, sang the finest songs that ever were heard. This man comes from Armagh, where he maintains the people to be better off than in any part of Ireland; and says, the mothers will go naked to give their little ones learning.

CHAPTER VII.

July 27.—Such a heavenly day, made for jaunting. A car was bespoken, and driven to the door by a spruce and civil conductor; his horse's jingling harness shining as bright as hands could make it, and the animal tripping easily and pleasantly along.

On our previous visit to the capital we had missed the College Museum, so thither we first bent our steps. It is full of curiosities from all parts of the world; but its gem is the old harp of Brian Borimhe, said to be that which he left to his son Donagh after the battle of Clontarf. However, Donagh was murdered by Tiege, and he being deposed by his nephew, took himself off to Rome, and with him his father's harp, crown, and the rest of the regalia, of which he

made a present to the Pope.*.. The antiquity of the harp is doubted by some; but it is a most interesting relic; and if really named by Dante, as others assert, I see not why it may not be identified as that of the octogenarian hero of Clontarf, that bloody battle which old chroniclers tell was fought "on Good Friday, the 23rd of April, 1014, between the Irish, headed by Brian Borimhe, monarch of all Ireland, and the Danes, headed by Sitric, king of the Ostmen, in which the former were triumphant, although Brian received his death wound in the arms of victory, in the twelfth year of his reign, and eighty-eighth of his age. In this battle fell Brian's son, Murchad, a great number of the nobility, and 11,000 men. After the battle, Sitric, with the relics of the Danes, retired to Dublin†."

Several skulls are preserved in a glass case. Among them Stella's, and that of Schomberg with the bullet hole "through which death entered" to deprive the English army of its veteran commander. Swift's physiognomy is extremely mean and repulsive, according to the cast taken after death, with its low, narrow forehead, pinched in at the temples,

* See Hall's Ireland, p. 411.

† Fraser's Guide Book, p. 666.

its wide sardonic mouth, and long drawn-down attenuated, upper lip. There were dried heads too of New Zealanders, horrible to contemplate. Some of the cases were rich in birds' skins, the azure, orange, crimson, and green-plumed inhabitants of Australian plains, and American forests.

We were attracted to three depôts for the sale of the Irish bog oak, which is wrought into all manner of pretty nick-knacks and ornaments. One was Freymuth's, in Sackville-street; a second opposite the College Gardens, where specimens of Killarney wood are to be purchased; and the third in Great Britain-street. This I recommend to all my curiosity-seeking friends, as being kept by two very pretty young women to begin with; and secondly, because their father was the original manufacturer of the article in question. Patrick McGuirk was his name, an old soldier, who learnt the art of carving the cocoa-nut at Gibraltar, and made some little trifles to propitiate the Duchess of Richmond. She told him she should rather fancy something cut out of the wood of the country; upon which he tried his hand on the bog oak, which he found of exceeding hardness. Since his death, the business has

been carried on by his married daughter, Mrs. Griffiths, for herself and her sister; their brother inheriting the father's talent, supports the family by his earnings. They live at 168, Great Britain-street, just below the Rotunda; are very civil, and will execute any order and send it carriage-free to England.

They showed me a remarkably handsome walking-stick, quite a *chef d'œuvre*, and the last of the old man's handy works. It is carved from top to bottom in elegant wreaths of shamrocks, mounted in gold, and valued at twelve guineas. They have models of the Clarshach, or old Irish Harp, pretty little toys, which cost thirty shillings. Brooches of Brian Borimhe's harp, some mounted with Irish gems, of which the emerald and diamond posses most water, and pearls from Lough Corrib: bracelets in the Herculaneum snake pattern, with diamond eyes and crests; studs, paper knives, crosses, rosaries, and pins, of every imaginable description. I fear the two pretty sisters do not obtain a vast deal of custom, which makes me desire additionally to cal the attention of my English friends to their magazine.

Dublin boasts of two exhibitions of paintings. The Society of Irish Artists (Royal Irish Institu-

tion) came first on the list. I was much gratified by this exhibition, which, though not a copious one, contained several very clever water-coloured drawings by W. G. Wall, V.P.R.S.A.; Henry O'Neill, M.S.I.A.; James Harwood, H.M.S.I.A.; and one "by a lady." But three of the most effective, most beautiful paintings in this style absorbed my attention. The first of these was "Captain Macheath betrayed by his Mistress," by John Absolon, H.M.S.I.A. "The force of painting could no further go." Here was the reckless, laughing, unsuspicious Macheath throwing himself back to catch a better view of the fair-haired and beautiful Dalilah who is entering the room, and with one hand laid treacherously on his shoulder, warns back the bailiff with the other, while she yields to them her lover's pistol. The lustre and expression of his loving blue eyes are miraculous; they absolutely glisten, and the laughter of his merry mouth, displaying such a row of bright white teeth, is all but heard.

Opposite to him sits his other charmer, a rich brunette, who looks dismayed at the proceeding. Her gravity contrasts admirably with the thoughtless mirth of the betrayed.

Henry Newton, M.S.I.A., has painted the interior

of St. Patrick's. That woman in her rusty black bonnet is gliding down the aisle soberly enough, "ma pur si muove;" and the "dim religious light," is well given.

Thirdly, I felt so much obliged to Alfred Herbert, H.M.S.I.A. for a hay-stack floating barge—borne down the Medway—a very exquisite delineation of still life. The rippling currents round the boat and its sluggish movement are true to nature.

One more, and I have done. Rose et Blanche those precious charges of the faithful Dagobert, travelling along peacefully ere unhappy Jovial was victimised by the *bête noire* of the more ferocious Morok. The maidens are surpassingly lovely. They are the work of Ed. H. Corbould, H.M.S.I.A.

The Royal Hibernian Academy did not detain us long; though its contributions were infinitely more numerous, they were not so choice. Oil painting when mediocre is worse than indifferent water-colours, which do not shock the eye so much, provided light and shade, and perspective be observed. I certainly had not leisure for much scrutiny, but on the whole, the only picture I thought worth recording was His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by Catterson Smith, R.H.A. A very

capital portrait of Lord Heytesbury. Upon examining the catalogue afterwards, I felt sorry to have missed the fruits of some amateur pencils; but my visit was, of necessity, a hurried one.

In the saloon of sculpture, I remarked a good bust of Lord Talbot, of Malahide, by Christopher Moore, R.H.A., and a recumbent figure of a sleeping child, extremely graceful, by the same artist.

Springing into the car we held a consultation which should be our next lion; and quickly decided in favour of Conciliation Hall, from my having noticed a placard on the backs of sundry two-legged, ambulating advertisements, to the effect that Daniel O'Connell's letter from England would be read on this especial Monday, and Mr. Smith O'Brien in the chair. The entrance to the Hall is near the end of Sackville Street, almost opposite Carlisle Bridge, and here we expected to hear many lions roar.

However, disappointment was our portion, for on stepping up to the door, the Cerberus repulsed us civilly, but firmly, saying that all seats that day were reserved for the members. In a state of discomfiture we retreated to our car; and on

re-seating ourselves, a gentleman-like man who had been standing some minutes on the pavement twirling an umbrella in a musing posture, advanced, and accosted Mr. West in a strong brogue.

"May I take the liberthy to ask, did they refuse ye admittance?"

"They did so," replied he.

"Well, it wouldn't be on account of appearance they refused *you*"—glancing at my small individuality. I bowed to the compliment, and after a pause he rejoined:

"And did they give ye any rason for it, Sirr, may I ask?"

"They did, they said all places were reserved for members only."

"Well, they said the same thing to me; but it's very unusual. Sirr, I thank you."

He bowed, we bowed, he drew back, gave his paravent a fresh twirl, and vanished. This person had the air of a respectable parish priest, with his close cut suit of black, *petit collet*, and rather wide-brimmed beaver. Moreover, on the top of his black-handled umbrella, was inlaid a small ivory cross.

The little orange-headed waiter was plainly scan-

dalised by this democratic attempt on our part at penetrating into the mysteries of Young Ireland. I could perceive we had lost in his estimation when we returned to luncheon.

The National Schools next engaged our attention, and two hours and a half were spent most pleasureably and profitably in them. I inquired at the Girls' School for a Mrs. Campbell, whom I had been especially instructed by a philanthropic friend to make acquaintance with. She unfortunately was still absent on a visit to Scotland; but her place was ably supplied by another mistress, who questioned a class in the Natural History of South America, to which they returned pertinent replies. Amongst the number was a wrinkled woman between fifty and sixty. I observed that she was probably a teacher. No, she was devoured by the thirst for knowledge, and had joined these young scholars in the hope of adding to her slender stock.

The walls of the spacious school-room were covered with maps and coloured prints of the productions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, large slates, &c. These girls (we saw about two hundred and fifty, all were not assembled) looked

healthy and happy, and the teacher's manner was very pleasing. But the infant schoôl was a delight! Here were nearly three hundred little creatures, the eldest only seven, under the eye of a judicious, benevolent man, Mr. Young, son-in-law to Wilderspin; and his mode of questioning them so as to suit their infant capacities was beautiful.

A class of the ages of from four to six came up to read to me some simple story. They read "with the understanding" so little observable among our poor scholars. Geography, arithmetic, and writing are all taught; useful pictures decorated the walls, and they had lately been furnished by the enlightened Archbishop of Dublin with a set of copies for writing, abounding in good sense, and good rules for conduct, with lessons of thrift, and economy of time, in simple language.

Mr. Young took us into the playground, an immense court, flagged with large, flat, paving stones. These he considers the best for their recreation and health. If the children fall, the blow is severe, which makes them careful, but the feet are not so likely to trip as in loose gravel; when wetted, the stones become speedily dry again, and the little ones do not sit about with damp clothes hanging

round their legs, nor draggling through puddles. All sorts of gymnastics are prepared for them, and to play they went in good earnest. Round flew the ropes, with half a dozen urchins hanging to them, now whirled off their feet, now running and clinging with one hand. There were poles to climb; and one large troop of the biggest began to play hunt the hare. The air resounded with mirth and laughter, and the kind-hearted master looked on, as happy as the little souls themselves. Round the border of the flag-stones were flower-beds; before these some two-year olds sat down very demurely and soberly to contemplate the flowers, without touching, however; *that* Mr. Young said they never did.

Many of the poor little beings here gathered together, were homeless, literally culled from the streets; numbers resided in homes too poor to afford them shoe or stocking, or more nourishment than a cold potatoe, or scrap of bread, for dinner. The whole day's fare! Some charitable persons contributed last winter to clothe their little legs and feet, and provide them with soup once a day, as their very intellects dwindled under such intense privation. It was surprising how the children brightened after this, and those who had sat in

corners, shrunken with cold, and pinched by hunger, came to their lessons with renewed assiduity and quickness, now that the inner and outer man had been comforted and restored by food and raiment.

Mr. Young said, he was himself an Englishman, and had taught in England, Scotland, and Ireland. His observations as to the capacities of the natives of the three kingdoms amounted to this,—that the English child was slow to learn, but retained longest; the Scottish child slower to learn, and did not retain so well. The Irish difficulty was a defective memory, arising from its total absence of cultivation, and lack of application from the very same cause. When once he had succeeded in awakening the child's faculty of remembrance, and made him acquire habits of steady assiduity and order, the Irish child shot ahead of all. "I cannot keep pace with them," said he; "they presently get beyond the master, their talents are so extraordinary."

We agreed that these schools would be the means of working a great, and much-to-be-desired change in the social character of Ireland. "Much," said Mr. Young, "of the ill-blood in the country, is caused by the difference of opinion in religious matters; by the acrimonious feeling of the Pro-

testant towards the Catholic, by the jealousy with which the English Church is very naturally viewed by the professors of the latter faith. Here are children of all sects brought up together, as in one common family, with one single feeling of brotherly love and kindness, whatever may be the distinction in their parents' creeds. You see around you, Protestants, Catholics, Unitarians, Presbyterians, Methodists, even Jews. They learn out of the same books, they join in the same sports, they hear loving words addressed to all, by their masters and mistresses. All bitterness—all Sectarian feeling must be annihilated amongst those who are *brought up* to consider themselves as brothers of one common family, all equally God's children. It is not in *our* time," continued the good man, his eye kindling as he spoke, "but in the *next* generation, that the fruits of such training will be made manifest. In *our children's time* we may hope Ireland will present a different aspect. Those who will have brought forth and reared youths and maidens of their own, will see that *they* too are trained in the love of God and man, they will endeavour to secure to them an education equal to their own; and the Irish are all eager to learn, apt scholars, and amiable by

nature. *These* shall redeem their country from want and woe, and by being better christians, shall become better citizens."

No oration ever interested my feelings like this, and I prayed for God's blessing on the head of Mr. Young, and all who like him, are trying by their devoted efforts, to uplift Ireland out of her state of desolate prostration.

In the third building, 600 boys were congregated, a noisy, merry crowd, who we disturbed in their play, for our kind Mr. Young introduced us to Mr. Keenan (I hope I have his name correctly), one of the most intelligent and amiable young men I ever fell in with. Were I to paint a saint dispensing health to the sick, food to the hungry, or heavenly lore to the afflicted in mind, his should be the countenance I would select. An eye so mild and benignant, a brow radiant from the light within. He told me the boys were, generally speaking, a very amiable set, never quarrelled or fought, indeed, were not allowed to do so; they are never punished, nor struck, nor scolded, but reasoned with. All seemed to look up to this young man as to a superior intelligence, and it was evident fear formed no part of their education.

Mr. Keenan called up a class of about five and twenty boys, who rushed good humouredly out of the play-ground, that we might hear them questioned in the higher branches of arithmetic. Their wonderful answers I shall never forget—out shot a hand, and the word was said, with a celerity like magic. It was quite singular to watch the workings of one little fellow's countenance. His large dark eyes rolled restlessly, his features were affected convulsively, the brow knit, the whole face crimsoned with excessive anxiety to give the quickest reply, one almost saw the sum-working process going on in his head. Their parsing was admirable; their repetition of poetry full of just and true pathos. Six of them concluded, after singing several pretty melodies in chorus, with "*Si fin' all' ora,*" out of Norma, in perfect tune and time.

Mr. Keenan apologised for their doing so little, as it was the *first* day of assembling after the midsummer holidays. All the pupils were not come, nor all the masters present, and the books were not even collected together. I was the more gratified, as it proved how well they must have been taught, and how good their memories must be, thus to have remembered, *without missing a word, a figure, or a*

note, all they had acquired previously, after a lapse of six weeks, without practice or examination.

The boys recited to us in a room furnished with rows of seats, one above the other; here a master instructs each class once in the day. They learn for the most part, altogether in the great school-room; but every boy *must* have been in his particular class in this apartment once in the day.

Some drawings and plans were shown to us, indicative of talent on the part of the young draughtsmen; and a little black globe, on which a lad of eleven years old was tracing the divisions of the world, from memory. Mr. Keenan asked him the longitude and latitude of Greenwich and of St. Petersburg, and he then told us correctly what o'clock it was at the latter place. This child had a very thoughtful look, but slightly squinted. I remarked how very simple and sure a remedy was a piece of black sticking-plaister applied to the opposite side of the temple or nose, as the eye is inverted, or the reverse.

"Oh!" said Mr. Keenan, quickly, "I will take care that is done; we may cure him yet."

Not many ordinary teachers of youth would trouble themselves whether a pupil squinted or not.

Below stairs were two more school-rooms, all clean and well ventilated; in the first we came to, a class were repeating incidents from the Old Testament, relative to the life of Abraham, and seeking the places named in the map. At the head of this class was a young Jew! I inquired how they managed when the New Testament was being taught.

"We leave him out," returned my informant. "Indeed," he said, "every boy, of whatever creed he may be, is instructed in its tenets by a clergyman of his own persuasion. Thrice a week the priest takes his Catholics, the minister his Baptists, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, the Unitarian teaches his flock, the Protestant pastor his. All is harmony and union. All learn the religion of their parents, without thinking the worse of those whose profession of faith is different from their own.

And these are the "Godless colleges," so called by the unthinking and the ignorant—the prejudiced and the bigotted! All I have to say to such, is, go and see!—go and see with your own eyes that religion *is* taught, *religion is made the rule of conduct*, and charity, the "*charity that thinketh no*

evil," that distinguishing feature, that foundation stone of the Christian creed, is not only *inculcated* from two years old, but *practised* openly and every day, *practised both by master and scholar.*

To me, these schools appear the fittest and chief remedy for assuaging the social ailments of Ireland; with those establishments at Cork, Limerick, and elsewhere, of which I heard much, without, unfortunately, being able to inspect them.

We parted from Mr. Keenan and Mr. Young with many expressions of obligation for their exceeding kindness in devoting to us so much of their time, and with the feeling, that happy are the children who have "fallen among such pleasant places," and into such kind and able hands.

These schools form three separate and handsome establishments, standing back from Marlborough-street, in a neatly kept square, with grass-beds and a carriage road. At the lodge-gate we remounted our trusty conveyance.

Opposite to it is a strikingly beautiful modern catholic church, with Doric portico upborne by six fluted columns, and an entablature ornamented with tryglyphs. Three episcopal figures crown the three points of the pediment, and a fine flight of steps

leads up to the great door. It is the Church of the Conception, and was represented to be amazingly costly within; but we had no time to go inside it.

Leaving Dublin by some paltry suburbs, we drove to Glasnevin, the Botanical Garden, which is well kept, and contains glass-houses filled with exotics. The palms, papyri, and lotus, in one of them, were very showy and luxuriant. I spied a collection of ferns, similar to some I brought from Killarney.

These gardens are pleasantly situated and laid out on an acclivity, overlooking gracefully wooded upland scenery, watered by the Tolka. Several villas, half hid between the trees, appear here and there; and the spot is said to have been a whilom favorite resort of Tickell, Addison, Swift, Delany, Steele, Parnell, and Sheridan. Tall poplars, ash, and oak rather obstruct the view, otherwise the river and hills in the horizon would form numerous pretty peeps.

Nearly adjoining is Prospect, the catholic burial-ground, whither we next wandered. It is a complete town of grave-stones. The sarcophagus of John Philpot Curran rises pre-eminent from among

them. All are enclosed within railings, and surrounded by little gardens, tended carefully, and full of trailing blossoms. In the centre of the ground stands a very ornamental Grecian temple, with a flight of stone steps, for the celebration of mass.

A throng of people entered the cemetery with us; mourners in the funeral train of several poor little children, whose coffins were borne between women on white palls. The greatest nonchalance seemed to pervade the followers, with a few exceptions, and the sexton busily plying his spade, was cracking jokes with the boys and girls all the time.

Most of the tombstones had little crosses at the head. I observed no monument of any particular beauty; but on the other hand, none of those offensive little cherubim with winged and inflated cheeks, that invariably bring to my recollection the speech of Näyti, the New Zealander, who on being taken to the room appropriated to the Association, in 1838, was asked why his country-people made images of worship in the shape of men with only three fingers. A barbarous three-fingered Fetish adorned the chimney-piece which was pointed to. He replied: "Why you make cockatoo-man?" Meaning, as was discovered, these little puffy-faced

cherubim. He applied the term *cockatoo* to all *birds*. Certainly the three-fingered semblance of humanity was not more absurd than the Æolus-checked representatives of angelic nature.

Dublin Castle has great claims upon the stranger's notice, not so much from its modern state apartments, as from its site, and the associations it calls up of past magnificence, its ancient tower and chapel. The staircase gives one the idea one is in an arsenal, all bristling as it is with stands of arms, more for show than use, I suspect, from the look of some of the muskets.

The great hall of St. Patrick is a splendid apartment, used as a vast ball-room. The ceiling is painted *al fresco*, by Italian artists, and when lit up, it must be excessively brilliant. The frescoes represent, in compartments, the landing of Henry II. and that of George IV. with various emblematical devices.

The presence-chamber leads into a long colonnade, on whose walls are deposited the portraits of all the Viceroys of Ireland. First in order is that of the Marquis Cornwallis, a very good painting, and I should imagine, a speaking likeness. It is curious to compare the different countenances of

these individuals. Benevolence is the marked attribute of the great and excellent man I have particularised. All these, I understood, were framed by the munificence of Earl De Grey, who also presented some of the pictures. He and Lord Normanby seem to have been by far the most popular throughout the kingdom, of all the Lord-lieutenants.

The chapel near the Bermingham Tower, the only bit of antiquity about the Castle, is gorgeously carved, from the ceiling to the floor, in oak. Such wreaths and festoons of flowers and fruits,—such twisted columns,—such grotesque heads without end! and near the altar and pulpit, which are splendid, are empanelled the coats of arms of every Irish Viceroy, with one or two exceptions. The general effect is certainly heavy; but as a whole it is a wondrous work of art, especially upon taking into consideration the excessive hardness of the old bog oak. I was charmed with it, I own; though a less profuse taste would have been more in keeping with established rules.

The evening promising fine, we determined upon making the tour of the Phœnix Park, and accordingly set off after dinner. In passing by the Post-

office we encountered half-a-dozen mail coaches, quite a novelty in these railroad days, with four bays a-piece, and red-coated guards dashing up to deposit their daily burthen. The horns blew merrily; a more agreeable *réveillée* we thought than the screech of the engine.

How enchanted I was with the Phœnix Park! No public walk I have ever seen in England or out of it, can compare with it. The Hibernian school for soldiers' children stands on a rising ground to the right, as you enter. Further on is the Zoological Garden, with a small sheet of water. Forest-trees of all kinds and of considerable size are scattered about; but the great beauty of the Park, and that which makes it unique, consists in the number and magnitude of the ancient thorns, which form a perfect forest in one part, and are clustered all over it. There is abundance of heath, gorse, and fern for the deer in these thorny thickets, and between them and the dark green holly-bushes, it is in many places as wild as the New Forest. In the centre stands the lodge, where the Viceroy holds his summer Court, with the lodges of his secretaries hard by. The Phœnix, which gives its name to the Park, or as the natives call it the "Fowl," springs

from the summit of an elegant column in the middle of the avenue. It was erected by Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, when Viceroy.

We drove round the inner circle of the Park, enjoying the dewy freshness of evening among its grassy glades. The view on the side of Chapelizod is charming. The Wicklow Hills bound the horizon; and as we neared Dublin, the Sarah Bridge and that noble building, the Royal Hospital, a sort of Chelsea for retired invalid soldiers, appeared in sight, the Liffey flowing through the valley and dividing it. Richmond and Kilmainham Barracks have a handsome effect, though one cannot repress the wish that fewer of them were necessary. They are of immense extent. Day closed ere we quitted the witching precincts of the Park; and as we slowly descended city-ward, by the powder-magazine, the military tents, and Wellington testimonial, it was enlivening to watch through the trees the lighting of the city, lamp by lamp. We had not time to make the grand round, which I understood was as much as seven miles; but I felt highly pleased with what I did see, and thought it the best spot for obtaining a good view of Dublin.

The Wellington testimonial is ugly enough in

itself, but looks well at a distance. It is constructed of native granite; but the manner in which the stone is hewn, gives it the similitude of common brick, which greatly detracts from its effect. But in spite of this, the position is well selected, and I learnt at last to view the monument with complacency, backed as it is by those lovely mountains, and thrown into prominence by the more distant buildings and woods.

Within the Park is the Military Hospital, which makes a good figure from the Fifteen Acres. We met not a creature in our drive; I should have thought so beautiful a *passeggiata*, and such an evening so "divinely cool," would have wiled all the lads and lassies out of the town, to say nothing of the riding-horses and phaetons of the *beau monde*.

CHAPTER VIII.

July 28.—Immediately after breakfast we set out for the Phœnix Park again, in order to witness a review of the Scotch Greys and Queen's Bays; a gallant spectacle it was, to see them *défilant* down the Quays, and crossing King's Bridge, with their colours flying and band playing, the spirited chargers caracoling as they passed on. By the by, this is the only bridge I do not admire of the *nine* that unite the Quays of Dublin. It is in tawdry taste, and was erected to commemorate the visit of George IV.

We took up our position on the Fifteen Acres, where I enjoyed as I sat in the car a delightful view. The ground is perhaps the finest for military manœuvres that can be any where found. On my left grew a clump of venerable hawthorns, under

whose gnarled and twisted stems several of the cavaliers dismounted, and leaving their chargers to stand at ease, stretched their length upon the greensward. Kilmainham Hospital, the foundations of which were laid by Strongbow, as a Priory for the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, raised its elegant cupola, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, between the distant trees; and in the rear, the hills of Wicklow filled up the space with their delicate, blue undulations. On my right was a knoll on which clustered all the juvenile spectators with whom a sham fight is ever so popular; and between us on the ample plain, the foot soldiers formed their squares; the General and his staff glittering in the centre, and four smart regiments of cavalry completing the wings. Presently the artillery came rumbling up, and dislodged us. We found we had placed ourselves in an awkward situation, for the skirmishing began; and we sustained the running fire of the infantry, the charge of the cavalry, and the great guns of the mounted artillery, retreating all the while with the coolness of experienced veterans, accustomed to be made marks of, ere we could reach the "clump." There we were safe, provided the car horse did not take to the water in his fright.

Happily he showed no inclination to do so; ''twas a good beast,' and stood still; so under the shelter of this welcome group of trees we remained some time, partaking in the inspiriting sight, and charmed with a fresh scene of the panorama before us, embracing woodland, mountain, river and valley. The Liffey and Tolka here mingle their waters, and contribute to the fruitfulness of the vale. The nearer hills purple with heath sloped gracefully, and below them stretched down the cultivated lands, embellished by woods and sprinkled with country seats.

We could not loiter so long as we desired "under the greenwood tree," as a journey into County Monaghan was to be performed before sundown; and the Drogheda train started at half past two; therefore we reluctantly quitted the field of battle and turned our horse's head towards Dublin. In returning I contrived to make a hurried sketch of Barrack, or as it is familiarly called, Bloody Bridge, so denominated from a bloody battle fought there once upon a time.

It is one of the most picturesque spots to my seeming in Dublin. A gothic entrance to Kil-

mainham Hospital very much enhances its effect. The gateway is handsome with a portcullis, erected

on the right bank of the river, and enshadowed by large trees. It blew such a hurricane, the horse could scarcely stand up under it, and my eyes were blinded by dust,—which is a source of great annoyance in this city,—so fine and penetrating is it. Decidedly I longed for the water carts to recommence operations.

The carriage being embarked, we followed it to the train in our useful car. The terminus is remarkably handsome, is built in the Elizabethan style, and forms an important entrance to the city.

Great portion of the extensive out-buildings of the Custom House were sacrificed to the railway cause in this matter.

The carriages in this train are the very best I ever entered, so roomy and well furnished. Purple cloth and yellow lace, soft, comfortable cushions, foot-supports and desks, that put up and down, and to crown all, lighted with enormous pieces of plate glass. Most luxurious travelling altogether, as they sped along easily and without any of the bumps and thumps on the South-Western and Birmingham Railways' most uneasy machines.

We had a coupé, the third place being occupied by a gentleman whose property lay hereabouts; and who in a rich brogue took infinite pains to tell my fellow-traveller he was English, and laboured to introduce the English ways in farming, but without much success.

In another coupé exactly opposite to us sat three priests and a lady. Being brought thus into juxtaposition, like wild beasts looking at each other through a grating, was so comical, it quite upset the gravity of both parties. Every one of us had the greatest difficulty in maintaining a dignified

composure. One of these black gentry too was evidently a wag, and I caught him continually peering at us over his book, with laughing eyes. It was much too funny to help laughing.

We went smoothly and rapidly along, coasting it all the way. Such beautiful scenery! First crossing an arm of the sea which carried us near Clontarf. The whole way to Malahide presented us with a succession of tiny bays and promontories, the sea washing up to their base, and carts employed on the sand, fetching sea-weed or something. Howth and Ireland's Eye come beautifully into the picture, and further on is Lambay Island. All these are rocky and irregular in their outline. On Ireland's Eye the remains of a Round Tower exist, and various ruins stand up on their steep heights defying the storms that occasionally lash this coast. In winter it must be terrible!

We left Malahide Castle and Swords on our left, promising ourselves the gratification of visiting the former interesting place on our return. At the latter I caught sight of the old Round Tower and Church, as also of those of Lusk, which followed. This group of buildings is rather remarkable, inasmuch as the Church Tower is flanked by three

imitation Round Towers, one of which actually fills the fourth angle; but of course all this was very imperfectly glanced at from the rapidity of our movements.

On one patch of newly-ploughed land we remarked a greater number of crows than ever could have been congregated together before. These, we were told, were daily fed and encouraged by an eccentric gentleman who owns the property, and who entertains an immoderate *penchant* for this class of feathered fowl. They absolutely covered the ground, and when they rose up resembled a large dark cloud.

Ballybriggan seemed a thriving place, and the part we traversed consisted of neat habitations. It boasts a considerable trade in thread stockings. Muslins are also embroidered in the neighbourhood, and a good deal is done in the fishing way.

I can speak to the excellence of the fish of these shores; and nothing I ever ate struck me as more delicious than the Dublin Bay scollops, dressed in a particular manner. Would the natives only apply in earnest to this article of trade as well as food, they might reap a golden harvest, and supply many a starving family. But I was assured by the captain

of an English vessel, that they will rather buy fish of the Welsh and English fishermen, at a high price, than be at the pains of launching their boats, mending their nets, or, in short, taking the trouble to catch the finny prey by their own exertions.

Perseverance is the quality most wanted here, and to do right for right's sake. What saith the Book of Books? "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." But habits of diligence and persevering industry can only grow out of daily training while the man is yet a child; no after-efforts will give them to him, unless he possess a very superior and powerful mind: much less shall a whole people be made to acquire them late in life!

Encouragement, too, has always been wanting to Ireland; hence the former depression of her linen trade, and the actual state of abeyance of her rich mines, her copious fisheries, and divers manufactures. The only symptoms of trade that ever met my eyes throughout the province of Munster were in the shape of flour, paper, and powder mills, scattered here and there.

Their sauntering ways, become the "custom of the country," may be accounted for, I think, on political grounds. In support of this assertion,

which might otherwise seem presumptuous, I quote from no less an authority than the great Edmund Burke, and I choose rather to insert the extracts I am about to make, in this, the body of my work, than in the Appendix; firstly, from the inveterate dislike I myself entertain to rummaging among notes when the interest felt in reading a new book has palled; and secondly, because I am fully aware there are many who never bestow any attention whatever on an Appendix. His observations, moreover, fill an appropriate place here, and may perhaps convince those of comprehensive minds and liberal tendencies that part of the blame cast on the Irish for lack of perseverance, industry, and thrift, is undeserved; or at least, that these faults are the fruits of our own oppressive, short-seeing legislation,—the fruits of laws in force some fifty years ago, many of them of only recent abrogation, and whose engendered evils will not be removed in *our* time; for it *takes time* to recover an individual, how much more a *whole nation*, after one particular bias is formed!

Gentle and dispassionate reader, let me entreat of you to bestow your attention on "Tracts relative to the Laws against Popery in Ireland," by Edmund

Burke, from which most eloquent source I draw forth the ensuing passages, and having read, ponder; and then decide in your justice-loving mind whether the character of the people of Ireland is not of the complexion such tyrannical enactments were *intended* to reduce them to: and then revile them *if you can* for falsehood, ingratitude, sycophancy, and idleness; remembering all the while that the bulk of the population is Catholic.

"The first operation of those Acts was wholly to change the course of descent by the common law, to take away the right of Primogeniture; and, in lieu thereof, to substitute and establish a new species of gavelkind. By this law, on the death of a Papist possessed of an estate in fee simple, or in fee tail, the land is to be divided by equal portions between all the children; and those portions of it are likewise to be parcelled out, share and share alike, amongst the descendants of each son, and so to proceed in similar distribution *ad infinitum*. From this regulation, it was proposed that some important consequences should follow. First, by taking away the right of primogeniture, perhaps in the very first generation, certainly in the second, the families of Papists, however respectable, and their fortunes

however considerable, would be wholly dissipated and reduced to obscurity and indigence, *without any possibility that they should repair them by their industry or abilities;* being, as we shall see anon, disabled from every species of permanent acquisition."

Here, then, is the first subdivision of property into *small tenements,* now so much railed at, as pernicious to the cottier himself, actually enforced peremptorily by the law of the land. Here is the beginning of the monstrous evil, *whose effects* it baffles all modern legislation to solve. Besides this, the statute puts a premium on filial impiety—I verily believe never claimed,—for the *in*forming or *con*forming son might possess himself of the parent's proprety.

"All persons of that persuasion (the Catholic), are disabled from taking or purchasing directly, or by trust, any lands, any mortgage upon lands, any rents or profits from land, any lease or interest, or term of any land; any annuity for life, or lives, or years, or any estate chargeable upon, or which may in any manner affect lands."

"One exception, and one only, is admitted by the statutes, to the universality of this exclusion, viz. a lease for a term not exceeding thirty-one years."

Amidst these restrictions, who would buy or occupy land? Then again, if any were discovered to have transgressed in these particulars, the lease, its value, interest, &c. was forfeited to the *Protestant Informer!* and the injustice is thus summed up, "All issues to be tried by this act, are to be tried by none but known Protestants."

"Thus you observe, first, that by the express words of the law, all possibility of acquiring any species of valuable property, in any sort connected with land, is taken away; and secondly, by the construction, all security for money is also cut off. No security is left, except what is merely personal, and which, therefore, most people, who lend money, would, I believe, consider as none at all.

"Under this head of the acquisition of property, the law meets them in every road of industry; and in its direct and consequential provisions, throws almost all sorts of obstacles in their way. For they are not only excluded from all offices in the Church and State, but they are interdicted from the army and the law, in all its branches;—chamber practice, and even private conveyancing, are prohibited to them under the severest penalties, and the most rigid modes of inquisition. Every Barrister,

Six Clerk, Attorney, or Solicitor, is obliged to take a solemn oath not to employ persons of that persuasion; no, not as hackney Clerks, at the miserable salary of seven shillings per week. No tradesman of that persuasion is capable, by any service or settlement, to obtain his freedom in any town corporate; so that they trade and work in their own native towns, as aliens, paying as such, quarterage, and other charges and impositions. They are expressly forbidden, in whatever employment, to take more than two apprentices, except in the linen manufacture only."

"To begin with the first great instrument of national happiness and strength, its industry, I must observe, that although these penal laws do indeed inflict many hardships on those who are obnoxious to them, yet their most extensive, most certain operation is upon property. Those civil constitutions which promote industry, are such as facilitate the acquisition, secure the holding, enable the fixing, and suffer the alienation of property. Every law which obstructs it in any part of this distribution is a discouragement to industry. *For a law against property is a law against industry*—the laws have disabled three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland

from acquiring any estate of inheritance for life, or years, or any charge whatsoever, on which two-thirds of the improved yearly value are not reserved for thirty years. This confinement of landed property to one set of hands, and preventing its circulation through the community, is a most leading article of ill policy. A tenure of thirty years is evidently no tenure upon which to build, to plant, to raise enclosures, to change the nature of the ground, to make any new experiment which might improve agriculture, or to do anything more than what may answer the immediate and momentary calls of rent to the landlord, and leave subsistence to the tenant and his family. The desire of acquisition is always a passion of long views. Allow a man but a temporary possession, lay it down as a maxim, that he never can have any other, and you immediately and infallibly turn him to temporary enjoyments; and these enjoyments are never the pleasures of labour and free industry, whose quality it is to furnish the present hours, and squander all upon prospect and futurity; they are, on the contrary, those of a *thoughtless, loitering,* and *dissipated,* life."

Now Burke gives you the effect of all this.

"Ireland is a country wholly unplanted; the

farms have neither dwelling-houses nor good offices; nor are the lands anywhere provided with fences and communications; in a word, in a very unimproved state."

Go and travel between Naäs and Kilkenny, read what I have said of the face of the country between Macroom and Killarney, and between Killarney and Newcastle, and say if this be not a true picture of what Ireland is actually now in the nineteenth century!

And yet people wonder why trade stagnates here, and why people will not work! *Irish industry* has been prescribed by *English law*, and all the best and bravest of Ireland's sons have long since sought in other countries the distinctions, and opportunities for making a fortune, denied to them in their own: while their lands have passed into the hands of the stranger, and been racked by middlemen, and proprietors of a grade inferior to the original lords of the soil.

Then, again, look at the priesthood, proscribed, and hung if they were taught at home—liable to confiscation and outlawry if sent to foreign colleges for education.

King William and Queen Anne, between them,

" ordered all Popish parsons exercising ecclesiastical jurisdiction, all orders of monks and friars, and all priests, not then actually in parishes, and to be registered, to be banished the kingdom; and if they should return from exile, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Twenty pounds reward is given for apprehending them. Penalty on harbouring and concealing."

Truly have we taught them lessons of peace and Christianity! truly have we given them reasons for loving, and trusting us! We call them "murdering"—has not the mark of Cain been set upon *their* brow by *us*? Have not hanging and torture been our favourite remedy for Irish commotions? Is the country in a more flourishing condition, are the people better fed, and better tended, than when those magnificent monastic establishments, whose ruins fill the length and breadth of the land, gave out their daily dole of food and alms to the mendicant, the wayfarer, and the sick? and the services of the Catholic Church were openly exercised in the face of day?

The recent grant to Maynooth, will, it is to be hoped, help to repair the evils of such cruel bigotry and Ultra-Puritanism on the part of rulers,

passed with their miserable victims to a higher tribunal, where the God of Mercy and Love judges supreme! but more remains yet to be done, and England can never do too much to assist this suffering island, and to wipe out the blot on her own escutcheon, which such acts have left.

The Irish priesthood have been abused for their ignorance:—from whence were they to draw for learning? They have been accused of subtlety:—where was the slave ever found who was not crafty? I am no advocate for spiritual despotism in any case, least of all, for the domination of that most pernicious sect the Jesuits; but I think if ever *Jesuitism were excusable,* it is ourselves have made it so by our oppression of the Irish Catholics. People say, oh! but the penal laws are repealed. So they are—in part—but their effects remain, and all is not yet accomplished. I cannot but think it is reserved for one of the most enlightened statesmen of the age to become the Halcyon that shall still the troubled waters of religion in this distracted land, by dispensing even-handed justice to its double church, Catholic and Protestant; and so to remove one of the most fruitful causes of jealousy and contention from her bosom. From whomsoever

this crowning act of justice and charity shall flow, it shall surely be as a "mountain of light" upon his brow for ever.

Burke reprobates forcibly too our exoteric philanthropy in these words.

"There are many whose hearts are touched with the distresses of foreigners, and are abundantly awake to all the tenderness of human feeling on such an occasion, even at the moment that they are inflicting the very same distresses, or worse, on their fellow-citizens, without the least sting of compassion or remorse. To commiserate the distresses of all men suffering innocently, perhaps meritoriously, is generous, and very agreeable to the better part of our nature—a disposition that ought, by all means to be cherished. But to transfer humanity from its natural basis, our legitimate and home-bred connexions, to lose all feeling for those who have grown up by our sides, in our eyes, the benefit of whose cares and labours we have partaken from our birth, and meretriciously to hunt abroad after foreign affections, is such a disarrangement of the whole system of our duties, that I do not know whether benevolence so displaced is not almost the same thing as destroyed, or what effect bigotry

could have produced, that is more fatal to society. This no one could help observing who has seen our doors kindly and bountifully thrown open to foreign sufferers for conscience,* whilst through the same ports were issuing fugitives of our own, driven from this country for a cause, which to an indifferent person would seem to be exactly similar, while we stood by, without any sense of the impropriety of this extraordinary scene, accusing, and practising injustice. For my part, there is no circumstance, in all the contradictions of our most mysterious nature, that appears to be more humiliating than the use we are disposed to make of those sad examples, which seem purposely marked for our correction and improvement. Every instance of fury and bigotry in other men, one should think, would naturally fill us with an horror of that disposition. The effect, however, is directly contrary. We are inspired it is true, with a very sufficient hatred for the party, but with no detestation at all of the proceeding. Nay, we are apt to urge our dislike of such measures, as a reason for imitating them; and by an almost incredible absurdity,

* He alludes to the French Huguenots expelled their country, and taking refuge in England and Holland.

because some powers have destroyed their country by this persecuting spirit, to argue, that we ought to retaliate on them by destroying our own."*

Listen to this appeal, Protestant Legislators! and ye daughters of the Saxon! and while you undraw your purse-strings, and furnish bazaars, and distribute tracts, and beg subscriptions for Jews and negroes, Poles and cannibals, remember that one of the fairest portions of Britain's triple kingdoms is lying waste, and her children naked and famishing, and thirsting after knowledge unattainable through poverty—remember that *your* fathers, and grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, have wrought this woe to Ireland through their faulty legislation —remember that charity calls upon you to fulfil your long-neglected duties towards them, your afflicted fellow-christians, fellow-countrymen; and that your money will effect more real benefit, if judiciously laid out, in feeding and teaching the inmates of the Irish cabins, than if bestowed upon foreigners, who only feign *conversion* as the term goes, while supplied with gold. Your names, it is true, may not figure at the head of contributions to be sent to Tasmania, or Negroland, or Jerusalem;

* See Burke's Tracts on the Popery Laws, Vol. II. p. 432.

but the incense of your more useful, more really pious work will rise to Heaven, and you will be blessed by warm and grateful hearts for raising them from the depths of their unfathomable, unutterable wretchedness.

As Pope most exquisitely observes, the circle is susceptible of enlargement, but our humanity should consult the interests of those nearest to us ere we attempt to compass the felicity of the whole human race.*

My thoughts have been travelling faster than the railroad all this time; but I will now begin to look about me again.

We threaded our way along the line of rail between broad acres cropped with plenteous store of wheat, rye, mangel wurzel, turnips, and clover, well weeded and drained. I saw women in bonnets hoeing in the fields, and noticed an ameliorated appearance both in men and things.

* This was written two months prior to the great scarcity, and the munificent subscriptions set on foot to meet it. The author only prays her countrywomen not to let the good work stop here, but to assist in educating the Irish poor in the way most agreeable to their feelings, through the medium of National Schools, where all receive excellent instruction, leaving the conversion of particular sects to God's own good time and pleasure.

Flying past rocky points and islet crags, through Gormanstown, where we entered County Meath, to Ballygarth, with the noble hills of Mourne, in County Down, before us all the way, we arrived at Drogheda, on the estuary of the Boyne. It was full of shipping, and I longed to knock away the odious out-buildings pertaining to the monster machines in order to see the view they hid, just sufficiently to show there was wherewith to regale one's optics, and not a loop-hole from which to peep at it.

The kind forethought of a friend had provided us with post-horses, which were in readiness at the station, and soon spurred us on our road. I say *spurred,* for this driver was the only unmerciful one we had encountered; and very much I should have rejoiced to see the whip laid across his own shoulders on arriving at Ardee.

The other half of Drogheda, beyond the Boyne, is in County Louth. We drew up at the hotel under pretence of the boy's coat, but in reality to furnish him with a sip of potheen, I suspect. Such a place for beggars, sure, never was seen; "it flogged all Tipp'rary." They clustered round the carriage like wasps, begging, storming, roaring, whining, invoking all the saints; finally cursing, because we were

deaf to their detestable outcries, which quite provoked the master of the hotel. Two old hags, absolute Sheela-na-gigs,* I heard in converse.

"Not a ha'porth have I taken this day," says one; "sure whin John O'Connell wint through, 'tis he only tossed out one penny—bad luck to him!"

"'Tis not the lucky day for us, thin, honey," croaked the other; "may be, the fair young lady will give us a thrifle."

Then a chorus of voices screamed out, "Och! thin, yer honor's glory, remimber the poor beggar, and may the hivins be yer bed!" "Och! don't forget the poor, lady!" "Give us one sixpence, for Christ's sake!" "One penny, for our Lady's sake!" We drove on, and a growl and bursts of execrations pursued us.

Mr. John O'Connell was then busy with his election at Dundalk. He went quietly down with one friend and a handful of priests, and walked over the course.

Of all the nasty towns I ever was in, Drogheda seemed to me the worst. The street, on a steep

* Hideous female fetishes, sometimes dug up in old churchyards, so denominated by the peasants.

acclivity, composed of houses of all heights and sizes, looked as if built by chance, or as if the houses had taken themselves up and set themselves down at their random pleasure. A regular French pavement of round stones, cruel to the feet, slippery and dirty, made the pull-up doubly painful to the horses. The whole population looked not only mendicant, but predatory. Such ferocious countenances, and slouching gaits, ill-attired and ill-conditioned.

That blood-thirsty hypocrite, Cromwell, gave the wretched inhabitants so much cause once to curse the Saxons, we can well imagine the hostile feeling to have been transmitted from father to son. I shuddered as the historical recollections of the siege thronged upon me.

We had no time to inspect any of the public buildings, but heard there were some curiosities among them. Many of the houses in the street we traversed appeared of great antiquity, with gable ends, low wide-latticed windows, and brick-noggined. I was assured it was a thriving place of trade in grain, cotton, flax, soap, and candles; and that the continual plying of the Liverpool steamers had considerably increased its exports. Therefore I am at

a loss to imagine why beggary, in its most revolting aspect, should so completely be in the ascendant in this town.

Passing some snug "country boxes," we halted on a point in the road whence we could discern half the obelisk erected in the Boyne water to commemorate King William's victory. Had it not rained pretty hard I should have made an effort to get down to it; but there appeared, to be no way, save across wet fields, so I gave it up. Five miles off, too, there was much to tantalize a "*Fanatica per le antichità*" like me, for on my left lay the ruins of Mellifont Abbey—its very name delectable—too far to be thought of. It was the first abbey in Ireland; and must have been a place of considerable repute, as, at the consecration of the church, in 1157, there were present not only the whole body of the clergy, but the King and his nobles. "On this occasion," says Moore,* "the King gave, as a pious offering for his soul to God and the monks of Mellifont, 140 oxen or cows, sixty ounces of gold, and a town-land near to Drogheda, called Finnavair of the Daughters. Sixty ounces of gold were also presented by Carrol Prince of Oriel; and as many more by Devorgilla,

* See Moore's History of Ireland. Vol II. p. 196.

the celebrated wife of the Prince of Breffory—the fair Helen, to whose beauty and frailty romantic history has attributed the invasion of Ireland by the English. This lady presented likewise, on that occasion, a golden chalice for the altar of the Virgin, together with sacred vestments and ornaments for each of the nine other altars that stood in the church." But this was not all, for, half a mile on the right of the road, was the Round Tower of Monasterboice.* This I saw through the trees, on an eminence, standing up alone, its top gone, the very picture of solitary old age. The church and crosses appended to it I could not make out for the trees, which I rejoice to say enliven this part of the country. Not only fine single trees, but copses, and woods, and nice well-clipt hedge-rows of hazle and quickset, with ash and elm growing out of them. The land undulates pleasingly, and is thoroughly well tilled.

Collon is a very pretty village; it belongs to Viscount Massarene, and his demesne is styled Oriel Temple. It was the favourite abode of the late Lord Oriel, the last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, who embellished it in every way. To him the

* See Appendix N.

village owes its glebe-house, market square, and church. Every house in it has a pretty garden full of flowers, and it delighted us to behold once more a picture of rural comfort, and even elegance.

Ardee is a neat town. We stopped and changed horses at the Shirley Arms, near the tower of an old castle which projects into the street. When Edward Bruce landed in Antrim, in the spring of 1315, with his Scottish followers, they savagely burned the Church of the Carmelite Friary here, filled with women and children, who had taken refuge within its walls.*

On we sped through a similar country, and remarked men and women busily at work in the fields, hoeing turnips, weeding potatoes, carting manure, &c. Several farmers, with their wives or daughters, went by in carts, or on horseback, riding on a pillion; all fat, fair, round-faced, *comfortable*-looking folks, with Flemish physiognomies. Here the women invariably wore caps, and many of them bonnets, and the blue cloak over all.

The approach to Lough Fea, the seat of Evelyn John Shirley, Esq. M.P., betokens care on the part of both landlord and tenant. Some of the fields

* See Moore's History of Ireland. Vol. III. p. 54.

excited my attention, from seeing people spreading over them what resembled red ashes. This is burnt clay, used to fertilize the soil reclaimed from the bog, and has a very peculiar effect.

We were soon safely landed at our friend's hospitable mansion, a description of which I reserve for the morrow.

CHAPTER IX.

July 29.—One of the loveliest days I ever remember, so balmy and soft the air. I remarked, while walking in the garden with Mr. Shirley, that I had never felt so influenced by climate as here and in Wicklow, upon whose soft, pure, healthful breezes I have already dilated. He made for answer that my observation was singular, as tallying exactly with that of a friend of his, an engineer, who had been in *all* climates, and made it his especial business to examine into them; and he pronounced that Carrickmacross and Bray were the two best he was acquainted with, and a perceptible assimilation existed between them.

This is a lovely place. The house, a grand Elizabethan mansion, constructed of the particularly handsome, cheerful-looking stone of the native

quarries—a sort of pinkish yellowish sandstone. It is so contrived that the door frames, window sills, cornices, and angles of the house are worked in the pink variety, which has by much the better effect. The house forms, in front, a parallelogram, the fourth side being taken up by the balustrade, through which you enter the court. On the right is a baronial hall, 120 feet long, a princely apartment, in the true old style, with double fire-places, great oriel windows, adorned with coats of arms of the Shirley family, emblazoned in colors. A gallery fills one side lengthways; from thence, as in the olden time, the family may assemble to survey the banquetting of the retainers in the hall beneath. The roof, of considerable height, is vaulted. This apartment communicates with the drawing-room by a stone-roofed chamber, intended to be reserved as an orangery, or winter conservatory.

On the left of the court stands the chapel, a plain, well-contrived place of worship with beautiful stained windows. All the seats and pulpit are of oak. The font of stone worked on the premises.

From this entrance there is a lovely view of Lough Fea which gives its name to the demesne, and stretches out below the eminence on which the

dwelling is erected. Judiciously planted hills slope down to it, and I thought it a very fine thing altogether. This barony containing 20,000 souls is divided between Mr. Shirley and the Marquis of Bath; descending to them in the female line from Elizabeth's favourite, Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, to whom the lands were by her granted.

The entrance-hall contains a superb picture of a middle-aged man in the costume of the Low Countries, with buff boots, and gloves, leaning on his sword. It is a noble, soldierly figure and attitude, a most vigorous effort of the pencil, and bears date 1645; of whom and by whom painted is unknown.

The library is very rich in old carved oak; the chimney piece, a chef-d'œuvre, once part of a Belgian altar-front. Everything here corresponds, and the table with its four convenient chairs, sliding in and out, pleased me vastly. In one corner of the room, there is an ancient cabinet of Queen Elizabeth's time filled with drawers, and secret nooks without end.

The drawing-room doors are splendid, all of oak carving, and when closed, a double pair have the effect of two vast cabinets. Some of the mantel-

pieces are made of the native alabaster, of which there is abundance on the barony of Farney. It is of a reddish white, mottled, and were it susceptible of a higher polish, would be extremely handsome.

The dining-room contains some very old and curious portraits, two of which especially took my fancy. The handsome Earl of Leicester, very *éveillé*-looking, and crafty; and poor, sweet, much-wronged Amy Robsart with her innocent face. I hardly thought the painter had done her beauty justice or made her sufficiently youthful. Then there was Queen Bess ruffling it in brocade and frills; Bluff King Hal, and quiet Catherine Parr. This is a delightful room and the whole abode is made very handsome and comfortable.

The house is full of curiosities; elegant marquetterie tables, cut velvet chairs, pictures, and amongst other things sundry antiquities found in the bogs, such as rings, pins, &c. The most considerable of these is an object of great antiquity and extraordinary value; being a very large pot, or vase, of that mixed metal with the seams so artfully rivetted together by pyramidal nails, as to be quite ornamental, while impervious to water. Mr. Shirley

bought this of a tenant farmer, whose potatoes had boiled in it for fifteen years previously, and who himself dug it out of the bog.* This vase strongly resembles the broadest among a group of Egyptian culinary vessels, annexed to the twenty-fourth chapter of Ezekiel in the Pictorial Bible.

I saw here two elks' heads and horns found also under-ground. Of these gigantic remains the largest measured 5 ft. 6 in. from the root of the horn to the tip of it, measured by a stick across. If done with a string, and following the course of the horn it would, naturally, be more. The width between the *roots* of the horns is five inches.

The bog had also given up part of an ancient boat, evidently one large tree hollowed out.† It was 6 or 7 ft. in length, I should say, by about 3 or 4 ft. in width.

The garden charmed me, with its stone terraces and balustrades. Fuchsias were blooming to admiration in it; verbenas with their many-coloured eyes; and a delicate creeper clustered in profusion

* For a wood-cut and particular description of this vessel, see Archæological Journal, March 1846, No. 9, and the History of the Barony of Farney, by E. P. Shirley, Esq., M.P.

† See Appendix O.

round the stone work, with its green wreaths, and tiny crimson bells, hanging gracefully about.

In the centre of this parterre stands the Warwick Vase, modelled by a youth, a native of the place, and a common mason. Under Mr. Shirley's eye he also chiselled a mural coat of arms, placed near the Devereux Tower, and farther on in another garden is placed an immense copy of the same vase, really wonderfully executed, and be it known, that the stone he employed is uncommonly hard, which greatly increased his difficulties. Were this young man *not idle*, he might do anything, and make his fortune presently.

The Irish have a natural talent for geometry. Mr. Shirley once entered a cottage, the abode of one of his labourers, and found the garden boy intent upon a tumbler, he held in his hand, and Euclid beside him.

"What are you about, my lad?" inquired "the Masther."

"Why thin, plase yer honor," said the boy, "'tis trying to find out I am, how many cubic inches there is at all, in this glass."

When this youth was a little older, a farmer got puzzled about the quantity of manure requisite for

a particular field. Upon which the youth said if they would let him take the measure of the dung-cart, he thought he could tell. He did, and calculated to a wheel-barrow the number of loads necessary.

Mr. Shirley took him into favour, and he is now the under-gardener. He was brought up to me and explained clearly his mode of calculation. After a little talk I begged of him to tell me the meaning of some English words in Irish, and then to say a whole sentence to me in his beautiful native tongue. He instantly took off his hat, and standing with it in his hand, in that reverential posture recited verse after verse of St. John's Gospel, in Irish, translating it into fluent English as he proceeded. Mr. Shirley said that whenever these people alluded to the Holy Scriptures, they invariably removed their hats.

All these people are the real native Irish. Many of them are exceedingly fair, with light blue eyes, and ruddy complexions; they are of a pure race, and mostly marry amongst themselves. They are Catholics chiefly, as was this young man, and the head-gardener, to whom I heard some travelled gentleman began once to describe the marvels of Niagara, when he discoverd his listener to possess

as much information upon the subject of the Falls, even to the vegetable and animal productions as himself.

A gang of twenty workmen were employed on the premises where new building was carrying on. These struck for wages not long ago, though excellent workmen; and are so idle they might do double if they chose to be constant at their employment; but they cannot get on without an overlooker. This personage we often met with on the public roads, superintending those who were mending them. One evening that we were sitting by twilight in the drawing-room which is lighted by two capacious oriel windows, one of the ladies said: "Oh! we are doing what few hereabouts would dare to do at this hour, remaining with windows unshuttered and 'unbarred." The thought made me shudder, and I longed for the time to come when the stain of such moonlight deeds as firing into defenceless houses among frightened women, should be wiped off from the Irish annals.

A mound of rock natural and artificial in the lower garden, was covered thickly with the most beautiful ferns which grow every where about in the crevices of the stones.

The Arboretum abounds in treasures. There I saw the Barbary holly, the Chinese mulberry with its silky leaves, oval and fig-shaped, sprouting from the same stalk, the piniferous offspring of South America and Australia, tamarisk, large flowering privet, arbutus, and other horticultural varieties, too numerous to particularize, growing luxuriantly. This slopes gradually down towards a temple erected over a fountain, an excellent terminus; and beyond, the ground ascends between flourishing plantations, and has a wild look from the large blocks of stone that start up out of the greensward.

Goats are plentiful in the uplands. There is a celebrated Chalybeate spring at Carrickmacross, and invalids are frequently sent there to drink it, or goat's whey, and imbibe the salubrious air of the hills.

We strolled on to a ruined house, the whilom abode of a squireen, who is supposed to have drank as much claret within its walls, as would have floated the premises. From hence, we enjoyed a splendid view of the castle in its commanding site, environed by trees, and mirroring its rose-hued walls in the lake below.

After luncheon we set off in the carriage on an

exploring expedition. Mr. Shirley, Miss Heath, Mr. West, and myself. First we visited a mill where, by a complication of very simple machinery turned by a water power, the corn is thrashed, winnowed, ground, sifted, and the straw sent one way and the flour another, in a very short space of time, and all at once. Moreover, the water also moves the ponderous bellows of a forge under the same roof. A very substantial farmstead is attached, filled by respectable occupants. Next we halted at a lime kiln, which is one cause of the Lough Fea estates being more fruitful than many. Mr. Shirley labours to convince his tenants of the utility of lime in agriculture, and hopes he has pretty well succeeded. A little way off in a rocky dell are some caves to which we descended, without however, being able to do more than advance to their mouth; as a river runs through this only entrance, and we could not have penetrated into their depths, without wading up to our knees in water. This my young companion would have unhesitatingly done, but I acted the part of Dame Prudence, and we both restrained our curiosity till a more convenient season, which unhappily came not to me.

The land is tumbled about most strangely; the

little knolls are quite round, while the valleys seem scooped out with a spoon. It is this peculiar conformation which has occasioned County Monaghan to be compared to *a dish of pippins*, with its conical rotundities all over the face of it.

Here I discovered what resembled a real, live shamrock, but a good man I fell in with assured me it was not the "*rale* shamstrock," but he would "ingage" to bring me some roots, and he faithfully performed his promise; and the little bright things are snugly ensconced in a corner of my garden, where I hope they will thrive; but there *is* a saying that the shamrock will not live *out* of Ireland, or *in England.*

It is curious that the Spaniards had an old custom of seeking the trefoil, which is in fact, the shamrock, on St. John's day; now very possibly the partiality of the natives of Erin for this lowly emblem of the Trinity, may have been imported with other observances by their Milesian ancestors rom the southern mother-land.

I give the translation I have made of a little Spanish ballad, which is certainly pretty, and leave the discriminating reader to decide for himself in so momentous a matter.

A BRIEF ROMANCE.*

Haste forth to pluck the Trefoil
This morning of Saint John;
To pluck the Trefoil, ladies,
Ere the good time be gone!

Come forth with the Aurora,
When the plain is golden light,
And dew drops gem the meadows
Like mother o' pearl so bright.
And blossoms ye shall gather
Of varied hue and shade,
Heaped in your ample vestments
Be these in garlands made,
And let the infant Blind God's brow
Be daintily arrayed!

Come pluck the Trefoil, ladies,
This morning of St. John;
Come pluck the Trefoil, ladies,
For time is speeding on!

And ye shall see how morning
Doth bid the world rejoice,
And hear how birds are singing
With soft and tuneful voice;
Lo! yon translucent crystal
On which the slanting beams
Dart glittering in a thousand rays—
Invites with limpid streams
To lave in coolness fresh and pure
While morning briefly stays.

* See Appendix P, for the original Spanish.

And ye shall gather rose-buds,
And violets blue-eyed,
And dearly-prized sweet jessamine,
And Iris purple-pied.
With ruddy pinks, and genet's green,
And golden-crested sprays.
And with the quivering grass-straw
Bind up the garland sheen,
And mingle there
Each flow'ret fair
That wins the meed of praise!

To pluck the Trefoil, ladies,
This morning of St. John;
Haste forth to pluck the Trefoil
Ere youth's glad time be flown!

Alighting next at the school-house, we were disappointed to find all the scholars gone home, it being a half-holiday; so we rambled down a very picturesque glen, through which a rushing stream forces its way. Rocky crags hang over it, projecting here and there; and there are some pretty falls. Oak, ash, holly, and fir grow to the very hill tops; and below a Swiss cottage is "*un de ces quatre matins*" to spring up at a touch of the enchanter's wand. Such quantities of hemlock were growing by the water; and I collected a few pretty ferns. Heath bloomed about the path, and mugwort in profusion.

We went over a good many miles of country in

our drive to-day, and perceived the fruits of superior farming every where. One tract was marshy, and abounds in wild fowl, which I heard was pretty plentiful all over Ireland in similar spots.

We passed Mr. Shirley's Homœopathic Establishment, where the poor are physicked gratis: and stopped at the entrance to some pleasure grounds. It was getting too late and chilly to perambulate these mossy walks, so we contented ourselves with peeping into a bog, where a dozen men were hard at work, with bare legs and feet, endeavouring to lift out of its black bed a huge stick of pine, at least twenty feet long, buried more than fifteen feet beneath the surface. In regaining the house, we skirted the Lough, a fine expanse of water, where swans were sitting in state among the reeds. We had a charming day altogether, and I was delighted to have actually seen, and walked into a bog; but I paid dearly for it, catching such a terrible cold, I was shut up the next day, and incapacitated from seeing more of Lough Fea, my only consolation being, that,

July 30 was a day of entire rain, a regular down pour, and nobody ventured forth.

CHAPTER X.

July 31—We left our kind friends full of regrets, on our parts, that circumstances imperiously forbade our paying them a longer visit.

The journey back to Drogheda was performed over the same route as that by which we had come. While slowly descending the hill in that town, we met a funeral train. The coffin was ornamented at the head and feet with wreaths of flowers, so disposed with linen folds as to give it the effect of the uncovered body itself, which we believed it to be until quite abreast of it. A decent group of mourners closed it in; and here again the white draperies told that the King of Terrors had made his prey of one of tender age.

Crossing the Boyne once more, we had a sharp pull up on the other side, to the railway station,

where we again committed ourselves to the tender mercies of the engine.

It rained all the way to Drogheda: there the sun began to peep out, and a moist heat was felt. By the time we reached Malahide, to which station only we had taken seats, I felt all the miseries of intermittent coming over me apace. Nevertheless, we disembarked with the intention of visiting the fine old castle, in conformity with a kind promise from Lord and Lady Talbot, of Malahide, that we might do so at our convenience: having been prevented once before from taking advantage of their hospitality by a tremendous thunder storm, which detained us on our first visit to the museum. But the Fates had decreed this second and total frustration of our wishes. The inspector protested he could not allow the carriage to be taken off the train,—there was no proper truck for it, no convenience for landing it, and he neither could nor would incur the responsibility. He blamed the Drogheda people who suffered us to take our places so far, and depart under a delusion; and so in good sooth did we. We were very angry and disappointed, but remonstrance was useless; so, having nothing else for it, we re-seated ourselves. I devoured my vexation, and tried

to banish the idea of the old black oak chambers, the pictures, and other glories of ancient Malahide, of which I had so much and so often heard, and set my heart on seeing.

A curious old ballad, on the beautiful Maud Plunket, who was maid, wife, and widow in one day, by the slaying of her bridegroom, son to the Baron of Galtrim, and who afterwards became the bride of Sir Richard Talbot, of that Ilk, flings an additional spell over the interest excited by this venerable pile, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Her tomb exists in the chapel, wherein is also preserved the armour of her murdered spouse. For the ballad I refer the lovers of such lore to Duffy's Collection.

All the length of the way back to Dublin, the scenery appeared to greater advantage than in going. Martello towers, ruins, forts, villages, and detached houses, studding the rocky shores. The tiny islands covered with white buildings, with the calm blue sea sparkling around them, and all bathed in the light of the afternoon sun; it was "beautiful exceedingly."

Past five o'clock when we left Malahide! I was alternately burning and shivering with creeping ague, and in Dublin we had business that detained us a good hour. Sickness and business, when one is

pleasure-hunting, are two particularly disagreeable antagonists. However, thanks to the detention, we were enabled to shake by the hand and bid farewell to our good old friend Sir George Cockburn, who we stumbled upon in Sackville-street.

We did not reach Kingstown till past seven; but ill though I was, I shall never forget the rapture into which I was plunged by this most exquisite of maritime scenery. It is quite equal to Naples; it surpasses everything out of Sicily, which it strongly resembles. The line of coast sweeps out for at least four miles of villas and groves, between whose absolutely Tuscan walls the road runs. These habitations are named prettily enough, according to the fancy of the possessor. Lord Charlemont's is called Marino. I regretted not visiting his classical temple. Then there is Palermo, and Maritimo, and Mount this, and Ville that: all foreign-sounding and breathing of continental inclinations, their names written upon the lodge gates. One man constructed a villa and called it "*Sans Souci,*" whereupon a wag ran up another opposite, dubbing his "*Sans Six Sous.*" These marine residences are bowered in masses of American shrubs, arbutus, and cypress, and tall elms spread forth their wide shadowy arms in their usual

uncompromising manner; I marvel nobody has had the good taste to adopt what, to my feeling, is the most beautiful of all appellations for a *home;* the favorite Italian one of *Quiete,* which always appears to me to embrace all the felicities and charms of an abode where the arts and sciences wait upon the affections within doors, and the genius of landscape gardening brings its masses of fragrant blossoms, its terraces and fountains, its trellises hung with jessamine and passion flower, and all its scenic varieties without. In short, what *home* ought to be, but so seldom is, a haven of rest and calm, a very temple of love, friendship, and the graces.

I imagine when the late Lord Charlemont built the temple at Marino, his ideas were pretty much what mine are of a *Quiete,* which he purposed it should be; a ndintended to have led in it a bachelor life with his friends, scientific and virtuosi, divided between his notable library and splendid collection of medals. However, Cupid shot an arrow from his bow, and put to flight the Earl's resolve of celibacy. He took to himself a fair countess, and the temple remained in the grounds, as it does still, in solitary beauty, the *chef d'œuvre* of Sir William Chambers. I was extremely sorry to pass it by unseen.

Behind this villa-strewn shore,—this Baiæ of the North,—rose up the three striking peaks of the Wicklow Hills, all purple in the light of the setting sun, which had made the horizon glow with rose and amber, that softly shaded off to lilac, and that pale delicate hue chiefly observable in southern latitudes, "where azure strove with green." Last in the line of shore were the white granite houses and Pier of Kingstown; its Lighthouse, with the masts of many vessels standing up like black threads athwart the golden sky. Two magnificent churches—one Protestant, one Catholic—make a grand figure amidst the meaner buildings; and all this, with lawns and woods down to the water's edge, was reflected softly, yet clearly, on the calmly sleeping sea, which glowed with all the hues of the heavens, and gave out every house, and wall, and tree, in faithful mirroring.

By way of foreground, a little Martello tower came in exceedingly well; and I gazed, and gazed, and would fain have stayed together the course of time and of my vehicle, in order to prolong the enjoyment in this scene of gorgeous colouring and magical beauty, which my enchanted eyes drank in. It carried me back to Italy; and I could scarcely

divest myself of the belief, that I was a pilgrim, not in Hibernia, but in Ausonia. But every thing comes to an end here below,—pleasure and pain. And the sun gradually sank, and the light faded off the hills and waters; and by the time we reached Rathbone's Hotel, twilight was stealing over the face of nature, and Howth's delicate outline became grey and shadowy, and the brilliant Morganatic scene had vanished.

August 1.—This morning, at 7 A. M., we were called, in order to embark for Holyhead; but my enemy neuralgia had been *un*remitting all night, and I was in no plight to set out. Towards noon, however, I was able to leave my bed; and feeling somewhat restored by three o'clock, I determined upon availing myself of this only, and therefore *lucky* chance, of sketching the scenes by which I had been so captivated yester evening, and by which my imagination was haunted. So off I went, in a covered car. The day was inconceivably hot; not a breath of air to curl a sensitive leaf,—a perfect scirocco.

First I betook me to the Pier, attracted by the ever-welcome strains of a military band. There I found myself in the midst of a gaily-dressed assem-

blage of all the Dublin fashionables; some in cars, others on horseback. Amongst these there were many most beautiful girls. Frederic, who was also a spectator, avowed to me afterwards, he had never been so struck as by the universal loveliness of complexion of these fair daughters of Erin. Lilies and roses, really. Cheeks glowing with health and exercise; and very fine figures. The delicious climate must have something to do with this mother-of-pearl tinting. Most of these fair damsels sported a brilliant bouquet in front of her habit. The jaunting cars contained family groups; sweet little children with sunny curls, and handsome matrons. I like these conveyances: they are so safe, and easy of access; and an apron of holland in summer, and varnished leather in winter, effectually protects you from mud and wet. On the Pier hard by I noticed an obelisk, erected on the spot where George IV. landed.

All the houses and public buildings at Kingstown, docks, piers, &c., are constructed of the native granite; Killiny Hill is one mass of it. No stone is so handsome; and this is peculiarly richly-grained, and glittering with mica flakes.

The lights were not so good this afternoon; an en-

vious easterly mist wrapped up the mountain-tops as in a mantle ever and anon; nevertheless, I set about my work, and finished an indifferent attempt at delineating this matchless prospect. One great interruption to my sketching was the constant passing and re-passing of the trains on the railroad between Dublin and Kingstown, so contrived, as to spoil the magnificent sea view, by cutting straight across it behind the Martello Tower.

August 2—Intermittent knocked under. We were up betimes, and rejoiced to hear "it was a fine morning, and the sea as smooth as a pool." Coffee was despatched, and to the Pier we hurried; I, in the carriage, preceding my companion, who was detained by the inconceivable time occupied in making out the bill, though ordered over-night. Yet the housekeeper seemed a bustling body enough, and was all day at the heels of the luckless chambermaids, with her basket of keys. One of these girls—a nice, rosy-cheeked, chesnut-haired, brown-eyed creature—I took a special liking to; she waited on me so kindly when I was ill. Trouble seemed a pleasure to her; and on parting, she exclaimed, quite tenderly, "Well, then, God bless ye for ever! and

send ye safe home! and may be some day ye'll come back to us." Truth to tell, I *was* very sorry to depart.

Some of the apartments in this hotel are painted *al fresco*, and fitted up most beautifully in the foreign style. All the furniture came from Paris. The housekeeper said they were often let for whole weeks together to persons of distinction. No wonder, if they love the "glad waters of the deep blue sea" as well as I do. The waiters were most assiduous,—one in particular, who, proud of my admiration of the country, always placed my chair so as to ensure me the best possible sight of the beautiful bay before me. Whereupon I recommend all my friends to patronise Rathbone's.

I was pleased by the discovery that our passage was to be performed in our old friend, the "Sprightly," Captain Moon; who had a chair placed for me on deck, and amused me with his tales of sea-faring life, when he sailed with Sir Home Popham. He pointed out all the principal objects in the Bay of Dublin,—a sight I would not have missed for all the world. No pen can convey any idea of its brilliant effect, as the various portions of the city,

public monuments, quays, docks, shipping, and islands, came out glittering in the morning sun. From the Wicklow Mountains to Kingstown spreads out a most beautiful reach of shore, and the whiteness of all the buildings gives them such a very foreign look. Then there are all the islands:—Howth, Dalkey, Ireland's Eye, and others. On one of these the last Liverpool steamer was as near as possible striking in a thick fog, and we blessed ourselves that such had not been our ill fortune.

But the fog came on; and soon, alas! the scene was veiled from us completely. The air became chilling; and though the sea was, as they said, extraordinarily smooth, still I could not remain on deck. So I bade a sorrowful, but I hope not a last, adieu to dear "Ould Ireland," and retreated to my former post on the cabin sofa in midships, where I lay to the end of the voyage flat and quiet, till my backbone threatened to perforate the chest,—a position I strongly recommend, though cramped and uneasy in itself, to all such as wish to avoid or mitigate the horrors of sea-sickness. Lying with closed eyes, I was amused by the conversation of two mercantile gentlemen, over their cheese and porter, who were discussing the politics of Manchester.

Our passage was performed in six hours, and the men declared so smooth a one had never been known between Dublin and Holyhead. New and large steamers are about to be constructed at the latter port, which will, ere long, convey passengers across in four hours and a half.

My pleasant task is now accomplished. I have completed my travels in Ireland, and there is nothing left for me to say, saving and excepting that I rejoice to have been there. For, albeit, my heart was wrung by the spectacle of woes and want I had no power to alleviate; and, albeit, the general surface of the country did not come up to the estimate I had unduly formed of its natural beauty; and moreover, that I was checked by circumstances over which we had no control, from exploring much that was deserving of notice, and especially interesting to *me;* yet I am glad to have been able to judge for myself; delighted with much that I have seen; grateful for the kindness I have met with—and *ready to go again.* Nay, the hope is strong within me, that I *shall* one day explore the grand and wild scenery of the "far west," and those remnants of the glories of other days which exist in the ancient round towers, abbeys, and castles; to say nothing of the lovely

northern lakes, and that most remarkable of all nature's marvels—the Giant's Causeway.

Farewell to Ireland!

Erin mavourneen, Erin go bragh!

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

A.—Page 7.

General Sir George Cockburn, K.G.C. now the Senior-General of the British Army, is descended from a family of Scottish origin. I am indebted to him for the following description of the old hereditary stronghold of the Cockburns, and for the verses which mourn over their losses at Flodden Field. Their descendant is well known as an antiquarian, and a writer on various subjects. He it is who maintains the authorship of Junius's Letters to belong to Charles Lloyd, as set forth in an able Pamphlet. He has ever been a supporter of Irish liberties and of rights; and was the friend of Lord Charlemont, Grattan, Curran, and other distinguished men of his time, and at eighty-three retains every faculty unimpaired of mind and body.

COCKBURN'S PATH-TOWER, BERWICKSHIRE.

This Tower stands about two miles N.W. of the Pease Bridge, in the highway between it and Dunbar. It overlooks a deep, woody glen, through which runs a small river, or burn. It was undoubtedly built to defend this pass, which now has a bridge over it. The remains of this Castle consist of a strong, square tower of rough stone, having a circular staircase, in its S.W. angle; adjoining to its southernmost side is a gate, with a circular arch: on entering it, on the right hand are a number of vaulted buildings, all in ruins. The possessors of the Castles of Cockburn's Path and of Dunbar, were supposed to hold the keys of the kingdom, such were their strength and importance. In 1488 King James III. was defeated and slain, in attempting to annex to the Crown the Baronies of Cockburn's Path and Dunbar, with the Earldoms of March and Annandale. The first history of this Castle is lost in the obscurity of ages; but it is mentioned in some of the Chronicles, as having belonged to the Cockburns in the days of Macbeth. The Cockburn, however, from which the title of that Ilk is derived, is S.W. of this, near Dunse, as also Ryslan, Langton, Carriden, Crenishans, &c., &c. Half the counties of Berwick and Haddington belonged to this family. Of this Castle

also, Cromwell said that one man would do more to defend it than fifty to attack—its natural strength was so great.

COCKBURN'S CORONACH.

Oh, wae to us was Flodden's plain,
'Twas there the Royal James was slain!
Fu' oft we've wept the fatal day,
That fill'd our Scottish hearts with wae.
So many a high-born lass and dame,
Their sires and lords nae mair cam hame;
But waefu' in their ha's alane,
They heard the sad Coronach's mane!

Coronachs that not many now,
Are left to sing o'er thousands low;
Are rais'd o'er chiefs of noble name,
That with their King to battle came.
That round him there remained to die
Fighting till death right loyally,
How many that fought at morn to brave,
Before e'entide had found their grave?

Oh! there amongst fu' many a name
Still dear to Scotland and to fame,
Brave Hume,* that led the right-hand wing,
Sank down in death beside his King.
And with him fell his daughter's spouse,
The noble Laird† of Cockburn's House,

* Earl of Home.

† The Chief of Cockburn (son-in-law to Earl of Home) with his two sons and eight Knights of his name and kindred died with their King.

Two sons, and twice four Knights beside,
Of Cockburn's Chieftain bravely died.

Raise, raise the loud Coronach's cry,
Let every Highland glen reply,
And sadly let each Lowland plain
Return the waefu' sound again!
Our King is dead! let true hearts mourn;
Sad Scotland's choicest flow'rs are shorn,
Let Berwick's Towers* be rob'd in gloom,
Let Lothian's sons lament their doom!

On Cockburn's, and on Langton's Towers,
The cloud of desolation low'rs!
There widows wail their perish'd lords
Whilst oft their bairns, in lisping words
Demand their sire, whose face no more
Shall bless with smiles which once it wore,
Those ha's shall ne'er be gay again,
Their Chiefs are in the battle slain.

The two principal seats of the Cockburns in Berwickshire, remains of which still exist, Cockburn (now Cockburns' Path-Tower) had been in the family since the days of Macbeth.

B.—Page 20.

Mrs. Hall enumerates the Giant's Tower at Gozo, amongst the probable remains of Cyclopian Round-

* In Berwick and Lothian the Humes and Cockburns were chiefly settled.

Towers. I have been fortunate in procuring a correct survey of that very remarkable ruin, which, however, determines the shape and proportions to have been of a very different nature to what Mrs. Hall supposes, and consequently not capable of sustaining a comparison with the Irish Round-Tower.

"Popular report at the present day, relates that these Towers were universally built *in one night*, by some holy man or other. This legend curiously enough corresponds with that prevalent in India concerning the Cavern-Temples of Elephanta, Salsette, Ellora, &c.; and in Mexico, regarding the mysterious cities of Palenque and Copan. The vernacular name still used, *Cillcagh*, or *Golcagh*, is a compound of two sacred words, meaning fire and the divinity. Its root seems to be the same as the Hindoo *Coill*, from *chalana* to burn, and hence probably, our Irish *Cill*, *now* applied to a church. Coupled with the ancient names of *Turaghan*, or *Aidne*, (the Tower of Fire, or the Fire of the Circle—*i.e.* the Sun), and *Fidh neimedh*, a gnomen, or celestial index, as given in the annals: nothing can be more indicative of the original Paganism of the structures. But we see this reference to their connexion with sun-worship and the sacred-fire, still further borne out in the particular names of several of them: thus *Agh-a-doe*, the Field of Fire; *Tegh-a-doe*,

the Fire-House; *Ard-doe*—(the land in the vicinity of Ardmore Tower)—the Height of Fire; *Kennegh*, the Chief-Fire; *Lusk*, a Fire; *Fertagh*, the Sepulchral Fire-Tower: it was anciently called *Fertagh-na-Guara*, or of the Cabiri, Ghebers, or Gaurs—*i.e.* Fire-Worshippers. At Rattoo, in Kerry, we have a number of denominations of adjoining lands, pointing out their possession by these Gaurs.

The worship of fire by the ancient Irish, is a fact sufficiently vouched for by the Irish Annals and Saints' lives, as well as by existing practices on the eves of May, Midsummer's-day, &c. Its votaries were divided into two sects, one which lighted the sacred fire in the open temple, as at *Gall-ti-mor*, the Flame of the Great Circle; *Gall-Baille*, the Flame of the Community, &c.; and the other which enclosed it in the *Sun-Tower*, (*Turaghan*), or in low-arched buildings, such as the *Boens*; the cells at *Gall-erous*, &c. The Tower and low square temple were common to the Persians, with whom as well as, indeed, with most of the other early Pagan nations, fire or the sun formed a main object of adoration. In India the presiding genius of fire is still named *Agni*, a name curiously corresponding with that of the Irish Tower, *Tur-a-ghan*, or *Aidhne*, being pronounced nearly as *Agni:* and the columnar temples belonging to the ancient worship of that element, still

subsist there. The similarity of name and design, led Vallancey to recognise the almost identity of the western and oriental Towers; and he it was who first announced the real origin and purpose of the former, so long involved in darkness. He has been followed by some of the ablest writers on Irish antiquities that have hitherto appeared: by Webb, Weld, O'Conor, Lanigan, Dalton, O'Brien, Beaufort, Moore, and Betham, who agree in their description as *sun*-temples, whilst O'Brien and Betham only hesitate in supposing that *all* were *fire*-temples. Their sepulchral purpose was only guessed at by O'Brien. Sir William Betham is cognizant of it by the discoveries recently made.—*See Hall's Ireland*, p. 199—200.

C.—Page 22.

In "Rambles and Recollections of an Indian Official"—a very interesting and richly illustrated work by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Sleeman, of the Bengal Army, there is a beautiful plate of the Taj Mahal, that most splendid of mausoleums, constructed by Shah Jehan over his own ashes, and those of his beloved and favourite wife, "Moontaj i Mahal Ranoo Begum," who died 1631—the date of the Shah's death being 1666. Four absolute Round-Towers decorate the extreme

angles of this edifice, barring the circular ornaments, and the arches near the summit, one of these I have copied; and the same author makes mention of a very remarkable pointed pillar or tower, called the *Meenar* of Kóotubooddeen, not far from Delhi.

He speaks in enthusiastic terms of the effect of this "*Khillee*," (pillar) rising in its "single majesty," upon the mind of the beholder. I do not quote it from the similitude of its form to the Round-Towers, because it differs from all other Towers in its very peculiar shape and elaborate ornament; but from an apparent similarity of purpose in its erection—supposing it to be Hindoo and not Mahometan. It is 242 ft. in height, and 106 ft. in circumference round the base, took forty-four years in building, and forms one of the *Meenars* of a mosque hard by. Sentences from the Koran in the Kufic character, encircle the first story in fine horizontal belts. It is partly composed of ferruginous sandstone, and partly of white marble, tapering at the top and fluted vertically, divided, moreover, by four balconies, and ascendable by a spiral stair of three hundred and eighty steps. The Hindoos believe it, as the author supposes erroneously, to be of Hindoo origin, and he says, "a silly old Moonshee, in the service of the Emperor, told him, 'that he believed it

was built by a former Hindoo Prince for his daughter, who wished to worship the rising sun, and view the waters of the Jumun from the top every morning."

The founder was Shumshoodeen.

Colonel Sleeman says, "There is no other Hindoo building in India at all like this." "The slope is the peculiar architecture of the Pythans, by whom the church to which this tower belongs was built."—*See* vol. II, chap. xix, p. 252—5.

A second Tower was begun, but remains incomplete. "The church was entire, with the exception of the second Meenar, when Tamerlane invaded India."—*Ibid.*

D.—Page 22.

VULCAN.

"Vulcan is said to have been the father or founder of the Cabiri.* This name in Celtic signifies, *the profound metallurgist, smith, or worker in metals: Fol-Gaun,* or *Bal-Gaun,* the lord-smith. It is also worthy of remark that in Sanconiathon's account of the descent or pedigree from the first man, Vulcan stands contemporary with Tubal Cain of the Scriptures, who "was the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron,"

* The word Cabiri in Celto—Phœnician, literally means, *the Confederacy or Brotherhood of Science. Cabar* is a *Confederacy or Secret Society, i. e.—of Science.*

and this last name is of the same signification in the Celto-Phœnician, *i.e.*—the celebrated lord-smith, or metallurgist."—*See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. I. p. 35.

E.—Page 35.

"A Paper was read by Mr. J. Huband Smith, descriptive of certain porcelain seals, amounting to upwards of a dozen, found in Ireland within the last six or seven years, and in places very distant from each other..... They were all uniform, consisting of an exact cube, having, by way of handle, some animal (probably an ape) seated upon it; and that they were so precisely similar in size and general appearance, as to be undistinguishable, except by the characters on the under surface.

"An extract from the Chinese Grammar of Abel-Rémusat, showed that the inscriptions on these seals are those of a very ancient class of Chinese characters, "in use since the time of Confucius," who is supposed to have flourished in the middle of the sixth century, B.C. The remote period to which these characters are assigned, leaves open a wide field for conjecture as to the time in which these porcelain seals found their way into this country.

"The situations in which some of them were found,

are remarkable. One was discovered in ploughing a field near Burrisokane, County of Tipperary, in 1832; another was found last year, in the County of Down; another in the bed of the River Boyne, near Clonard, in the County of Meath, in raising gravel; and a fourth was discovered many years ago, at a short distance from Dublin.

"Mr. Smith then called the attention of the Academy to the remarkable discovery by Rosellini, Lord Prudhoe, and other recent travellers, of unquestionable Chinese vases, in the tombs of Egypt. He read a passage from Davis's China, in which some of them were described; and also an extract from Wilkinson's Ancient Egyptians from which it appeared that the number of Chinese vases found at Coptos, Thebes, and elsewhere, amounted to seven or eight, and that the inscriptions on them had been translated by Chinese scholars to mean, "The flower opens, and lo! another year!" being a line from an ancient Chinese poem.

"From this the trade of China with distant countries being clearly proved, Mr. Smith submitted to the Academy that a case of strong probability had been made out, that the porcelain seals found their way into Ireland at some very distant period.

"It is therefore possible, that they may have arrived hither from the East, along with the weapons, orna-

ments, and other articles of commerce, which were brought to these islands by the ships of the great merchant-princes of antiquity—the Phœnicians, to whom our ports and harbours were well known.—*See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. 1, 1836—1840, p. 381—2.

F.—Page 36.

The Seal of Murtagh O'Neill, who, as Mr. Petrie believes, was the Lord of Clannaboy of this name, whose death is recorded in the Irish Annalists in 1471. The device is the bloody hand of O'Neill, and the legend reads,

"S. Mauritius Ui Neill."

—*See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, p. 384.

G.—Page 36.

Two golden collars, or torques, found about twenty-five years ago, on the Hill of Tara, the residence of the Irish Monarchs anterior to the sixth century. The first is 5 ft. 7 in. in length, and weighs 27 oz. 9 dwts. The second is 5 ft. 6 in. in length, but weighs only 12 oz. 6 dwts. These torques are of a screw, or a spiral pattern, and though the design is rude, the workmanship is of great beauty. Torques of similar size and pattern have been frequently found in Ireland,

and are often accompanied by armillæ, or bracelets of the same description. The term *torques*, by which antiquarians usually designate these ornaments, is one of frequent occurrence in the classic authors. The word is generally derived from the Celtic *torc*, a twisted collar, or perhaps more correctly, a twisted circular ornament of any kind, as the ancient Irish called a collar or neck-chain, *mun-torc*. And since the Latin verb, *torqueo*, has no cognate in Greek, it is probably formed from the same Celtic root.

Collars of this kind seem to have been common to all the Celtic nations, as we find from ancient writers. Livy tells us that Publius Cornelius, in his triumph over the Boii—a Gallic nation, collected among the spoils one thousand four hundred and seventy torques; and we find in Propertius that Virdumarus, King of the Gauls, wore such an ornament. Dio Cassius notices a torc of this description, as ornamenting the person of the British Queen, Boadicea; and even within a few centuries of the present time, a Welsh Prince was called Llewellin *aur Dorchag*, or Llewellin of the Golden Torc. The torcs found in France and Wales, are exactly similar to the Irish. . . . .

It does not appear that they were generally worn by the Romans; and the very appellation *Torquatus*, which was bestowed upon Titus Manlius, from the golden

torc taken by him from a Gaul, whom he slew in the year of Rome 393, and which was continued as a surname in his family, seems to indicate, that the torc was not familiar to the Romans at that time.—*See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. I. p. 274—6.

II.—Page 36.

The Rev. Dr. Todd exhibited to the Academy a gold ring, the property of William Farren, Esq., which was received in barter, from the natives of the Western coast of Africa. The similarity of the twist in this ring to that of the gold torques found at Tara, and recently presented to the Academy, renders it extremely worthy of attention.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Weston, of London, by whom the gold ring was presented to Mr. Farren, and which is addressed to that gentleman, was read.

London, March 31, 1840.

"In reference to the African gold, or torque, as you call it, a young correspondent of mine, resident at Sierra Leone, and a merchant there happens to be at this time in London; from him and his father I have received many boxes of this pure gold. ..... He tells me there are large rings or torques, full the size of

those I saw in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy.

Extract of a Letter from the African gentleman alluded to by Mr. Weston.

"The gold out of which these rings are *twisted*, is found in the countries of Seral-Doolley, Timbuctoo, Seran-Colley, Follah, Boudou, &c., all of which tribes are distant about fourteen hundred miles from, (in latitude 15° N.) and visit Sierra Leone, in hordes of from two to four or five hundred at a time, travelling generally on foot: these journeys take them from two to four months, and equally long to return to their homes. They are all of the Mahometan persuasion, and proficient Arabic scholars. *Their manners are easy and insinuating, and in conversation*—which is always, or generally done through an interpreter—*they are full of compliments and flattery. ..... They are for the most part, very uncleanly in their habits, and particularly so in their dress—oftentimes wearing one apparel without ever taking it off to cleanse their bodies, the whole time they are away from home; their clothes are consequently almost in rags before they put on new ones. .....*

"*The natives cultivate farms, but in a very careless and rough manner, merely cutting down the trees, but never rooting up the stumps, or clearing away the smaller*

plants, but plant the rice and cassava negligently among the whole of this stubble, waiting till the rice, &c., may grow, to distinguish one from the other. . . . .

" Domestic poultry is plentiful; also sheep and other horned cattle. They take great care of their cows,—milk forming a principal luxury in their diet."—See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy,* vol. I, p. 431—3.

Extract of a Letter from Mr. Bonomi to T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

" You ask me for a note on the ring-money of Africa: —here it is. So little has the interior of the country changed in that particular since the days of the Pharaohs, that to this day, among the inhabitants of Sennaar, pieces of gold in the form of a ring pass current as money. The rings have a cut in them, for the convenience of keeping them together: the gold being so pure you can easily bend them and unite them in the manner of a chain. This money is weighed, as in the days of Joseph."

It is a remarkable fact that the name *manilla*, which those brass and iron articles still bear in Africa, signifies

* The Author is sorry to remark, being compelled by candour to do so, that this Tribe of Africans appears to have exported into Ireland, not merely Ring Money, but some customs and habits, " more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

money, in the Celto-Phœnician Irish. *Main* is 'value,' 'worth;' and *aillech* is 'cattle,' 'household stuff,' or 'any kind of property.' So that in this respect, the derivation is similar to that of *pecunia* from *pecus*. The manillas were, no doubt, introduced into Africa by the same people that brought them to Ireland; and as the Negro nations have changed but little, if at all, they still pass as money by their old Phœnician name.—*See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. I, p. 21.

I.—Page 40.

The Annals of Kilronan, or Book of the O'Duigenans, a work hitherto supposed to be lost.

The volume is in quarto, and in its original state consisted entirely of parchment. It is now imperfect, both at the beginning and the end, and has also some intermediate chasms.

The Chronicle in its present state, begins with the year 1014, and ends with 1571. The discovery of the Book of the O'Duigenans, or Annals of Kilronan, will be of great importance, *if ever the liberality of Government, or the contributions of individuals, should supply the means of printing the ancient historical records of this country*. To a complete edition of the Annals of the Four Masters, it is essential that as many as possible of

the original documents from which they drew their materials, should be in our hands. And this discovery supplies us with one of these documents, whose existence was hitherto unknown to Irish antiquarians.—*See Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. I. p. 22—4.

J.—Page 134.

As a specimen of the style of the Moorish Ballad, I insert the following free translation I have made of one in Quintana's Collection of "Poesias selectas Castellanas," the original will be found in Vol. II, p. 1; being the first of the Romances Moriscos, and excels most of them in spirit and imagery, besides affording a vivid picture of the manners and life of the people from whom it emanates.

ROMANCE MORISCO.

The Star of Venus brightly rose
What time the sun went down,
And day's dark foe on all around
Her sable veil had thrown.
When with her, lo! a gallant Moor
Forth from Sidonia sped,
Like Rodomont armed—and Xeres plain
He crossed with rapid tread.
Where the bright waves of Guadalete
Flow to the Seas of Spain,
And Holy Mary's sacred gate,
Its glorious name doth gain.

He rides like one in desperate state,
For though of proud degree,
Left by his Ladye-love ingrate
Since land and gold lacks he.
And this very night is she to wed
A vile ill-favoured Moor,
Of fair Seville, the rich Alcayde
Of Alcázar and the Tower.
And as he wends in mournful strain,
He wails his heavy wrong;
And all his words the pitying plain,
And Echo soft prolong.
"Zayda," quoth he, "more cruel thou
Than bark-devouring waves:
More stony far, more cold thy heart
Than Earth's dark depths and caves.
How can'st thou leave me, cruel one!
Of all thy favour shorn?
And yield thy charms once mine alone,
A stranger's halls to adorn?
How can thy tender arms embrace
The oak's coarse rugged stem,
Thine own tree naked reft of fruit,
And flowery diadem.
Thou leav'st me poor, yet rich in worth,
For one whom poor thou'lt find,
Can'st thou prefer yon Caitiff's dross
To treasures of the mind?
Thou leav'st—six years of love forgot
Gazúl the nobly born,
And giv'st thy hand to Albenzayde,
Brief wooer of a morn!
Now Allah grant, fair enemy!
That he may hate, and thou adore,

That thou may'st sigh with jealousy,
With tears his absence long deplore!
And that by night thou may'st not sleep,
And know no rest from day to day,
And rise up in thy bed to weep,
And from thy food turn loathingly!
And at high feast and festival,
Thy colours may he never wear,
Nor suffer thee to see the sport,
Nor from thy lattice breathe the air!
And at the lordly tournament,
May be to sink thy heart with dread,
Despise the scarf that thou did'st gem,
The sleeve by thee embroidered!
And don that of his paramour,
Wrought with the cypher of her name,
To whom may he his captives give,
When from the war he comes with fame!
In terror live lest he should bleed
Upon the Christian's battle field!
Now Allah grant this curse may speed
That hour thy hand to him thou yield!
And if thou hat'st him—may ye live
Long weary hours nor ever part!
Surely this is the bitterest curse,
That ever sprung from human heart!"
Then spurring on, he Xeres reached
At the mid hour of night;
And found the palace all astir,
With shout, and song, and light.
And troops of Moors came bounding out,
Who blazing torches bore,—
A thousand torches scarce outshone
The glittering garb they wore.

Before the bridegroom halts he now,
In stirrup firm, upright,
For *he* parades on his goodly steed
To honour his bridal night.
He hurled the lance with deadly aim,
It pierced him through and through—
The shuddering crowd fell back a space,
Gazúl his sabre drew;
And midst all towards Sidonia turned,
And away like a whirlwind flew!

Having given the translation of such to my readers as have no Spanish, I think it right to furnish them with the original, that the Spanish scholar may benefit.

ROMANCE MORISCO.

Sale la estrella de Venus
Al tiempo que el sol se pone
Y la enemiga del dia
Su negro manto descoge:
Y con ella un fuerte Moro,
Semejante a Rodomonte
Sale de Sidonia armado:
De Xerez la vega corre
Por dó entra Guadalete
Al mar de España, y por donde
De Santa María el puerto
Recibe famoso nombre.
Desesperado camina
Que aunque es de linage noble,
Le dexa su dama ingrata
Porque se suena que es pobre.

Y aquella noche se casa
Con un Moro feo y torpe,
Que es Alcayde de Sevilla
Del Alcazar y la Torre.
Quexábase gravemente
De un agravio tan enorme,
Y á sus palabras la vega
Con el eco le responde.
Zayda, dice, mas ayrada
Que el mar que las naves sorbe,
Mas dura é inexôrable
Que las entrañas de un monte;
¿Como permites cruel,
Despues de tantos favores,
Que de prendas que son mias.
Agenas manos se adornen?
¿Es posible que te abraces
A las cortezas de un roble,
Y dexes el arbol tuyo
Desnudo de fruto y flores?
¿Dexas un pobre muy rico,
Y un rico muy pobre escoges,
Y las riquezas del cuerpo,
A las del alma antepones?
¿Dexas al noble Gazul,
Dexas seis años de amores,
Y das la mano á Albenzayde,
Quando apenas le conoces?
Alá permita, enemiga,
Que te aborrezca y le adores,
Que por zelos le suspires,
Y por ausencia le llores.
Y que de noche no duermas,
Y de dia no reposes,

Y en la cama le fastidies,
Y que en la mesa le enojes:
Y en las fiestas y en las zambras
No se vista tus colores,
Ni aun para verle permita
Que á la ventana te asomes.
Y menosprecie en las cañas
Para que mas te alborotes,
El almayzar que le labres,
Y la manga que le bordes;
Y se ponga el de su amiga
Con la cifra de su nombre,
A quien le dé los cautivos,
Quando de la guerra torne.
Y en batalla de Cristianos
De velle muerto te asombres,
Y plegue á Alá que suceda
Quando la mano le tomes.
Y si le has de aborrecer
Que largos años le goces,
Que es la mayor maldicion
Que pueden darte los hombres.
Con esto llegó á Xerez
A lá mitad de la noche,
Halló el palacio cubierto
De luminarias y voces,
Y los Moros fronterizos,
Que por todas partes correa,
Con mil hachas encendidas
Y las libreas conformes.
Delante del desposado
En los estribos se pone,
Que tambien anda á caballo
Por honra de aquella noche.

Arrojado le ha una lanza
De á parte á parte pasóle:
Alborotóse la plaza,
Desnudó el Moro su estoque,
Y por en medio de todos,
Para Medina volvióse.

K.—Page 136.

Among the national ballads, I have collected the following four as best suited to illustrate my observation. For the residue, I refer my reader's to the "Songs of Ireland," edited by Michael Joseph Barry, and inscribed to "the National Bard of Ireland—Thomas Moore."

ERIN.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the green island, and saw it was good;
The Em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone,
In the ring of the world, the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular, on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes,
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.

O! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time,
When religion was war, and our country a crime
When man in God's image, inverted his plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man.

When the interest of state wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend, and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoic'd o'er her children oppressed,
And clasp'd the invader more close to her breast.
When with pale for the body, and pale for the soul,
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole;
And as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Ey'd each other askance, and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave,
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the Demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes, now let Erin make men.
Let my sons like the leaves of the shamrock unite,
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right,
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen,
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to Green;
Yet, oh! when you're up, and they're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And uplifted to strike, be still ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause of, or men of, the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share,
With the full swelling chest, and the fair flowing hair.

Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave;
Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to be blest,
Rise—Arch of the Ocean, and Queen of the West!

See Songs of Ireland, p. 54.

A NEW YEAR'S SONG.

BY D. F. M'CARTHY,

Author of "The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland."

My countrymen, awake! arise!
Our work begins anew,
Your mingled voices rend the skies,
Your hearts are firm and true,
You've bravely marched, and nobly met,
Our little green isle through;
But, oh! my friends, there's something yet
For Irishmen to do!

As long as Erin hears the clink
Of base ignoble chains—
As long as one detested link
Of foreign rule remains—
As long as of our rightful debt
One smallest fraction's due,
So long, my friends, there's something yet
For Irishmen to do!

Too long we've borne the servile yoke—
Too long the slavish chain—
Too long in feeble accents spoke,
And ever spoke in vain—

Our wealth has filled the spoiler's net,
And gorg'd the Saxon crew;
But, oh! my friends, we'll teach them yet
What Irishmen can do!

The olive branch is in our hands,
The white flag floats above!
Peace—peace pervades our myriad bands,
And proud forgiving love!
But, oh! let not our foes forget
We're men, as Christians, too,
Prepared to do for Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do!

There's not a man of all our land
Our country now can spare,
The strong man with his sinewy hand
The weak man with his prayer!
No whining tone of mere regret,
Young Irish bards, for you;
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do!

And wheresoe'er that duty lead,
There—there your post should be
The coward slave is never freed;
The brave alone are free!
Oh! Freedom, firmly fixed are set
Our longing eyes on you;
And though we die for Ireland yet,
So Irishmen should do!*

See Songs of Ireland, p. 123.

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* This Song first appeared in the Nation Newspaper.

PADDIES EVERMORE.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word or deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might:
Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

What, though they menace, suffering men
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again,
We know their words are lies;
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our own dear Nation and our name,
As Paddies evermore.

Look round—The Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniard rules in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain;
The strife for freedom here begun,
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one—
We're Paddies evermore.

That strong and single love to crush,
The despot ever tried—
A fount it was whose living gush
His hated arts defied.

'Tis fresh, as when his foot accursed
Was planted on our shore,
And now and still, as from the first,
We're Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years
Have o'er our thraldom rolled,
The soul that roused O'Connor's spears,
Still lives as true and bold;
The tide of foreign power to stem,
Our fathers bled of yore,
And we stand here to-day, like them,
True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
For which they nobly died;
Our duty? By our cause to stand,
Whatever chance betide;
Our cherished hope? To heal the woes,
That rankle at her core;
Our scorn and hatred? To her foes,
Like Paddies evermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill,
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore.

See Songs of Ireland, p. 178.

DEAR LAND.

When comes the day, all hearts to weigh,
If staunch they be, or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle?
My native heath is brown beneath,
My native waters blue;
But crimson red o'er both shall spread,
Ere I am false to you,
Dear Land—
Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold—
Your noble lakes and streams—
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all, your long, dark thrall—
Your martyrs brave and true;
And dash apart the tears that start—
We must not *weep* for you,
Dear Land—
We must not weep for you.

My grandsire died, his home beside;
They seized and hanged him there;
His only crime, in evil time,
Your hallowed green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain
Were sent to pine and rue;
And still they turned, with hearts that burned,
In hopeless love to you,
Dear Land—
In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore:
Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
Some gallant patriot few,
Till all my aim on earth became,
To strike one blow for you,
Dear Land
To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine.
The breast that zeal and hatred steel,
No terrors can subdue;
If death should come, that martyrdom,
Were sweet, endured for you,
Dear Land—
Were sweet, endured for you.

See Songs of Ireland, p. 198.

L.—Page 144.

The profound veneration which the peasantry of Ireland, particularly in the provinces of Munster and Connaught, entertain for these Sacred Fountains, and the singular religious ceremonies practised by the devotees who resort to them, form a most curious and interesting subject of inquiry to the philosopher and antiquarian.

The late Dr. Charles O'Connor, an enlightened Roman Catholic Divine, who wrote a learned Essay upon the practice of Well-Worship in Ireland, satisfactorily proves that it is of Pagan origin. Its introduction into the island he attributes to the Phœnicians, and he adduces several authorities to show that if it did not arise amongst the Chaldeans, it can at least be traced back to them; and that from Chaldea it passed into Arabia, thence into Egypt and Lybia, and lastly into Greece, Italy, Spain, and Ireland. In all these countries the vestiges of Well-Worship are still discovered by the antiquarian; but in none of them are they so numerous, or preserved with such reverence as in Ireland, where the attachment to ancient customs and usages is so strong as to have become a national characteristic.

The practice of attaching to the trees in the neighbourhood of Wells, bits of rags and other offerings of propitiation and gratitude to the patron Saint of the spot, is also an undoubted relic of Paganism.

Travellers in the East frequently meet with trees beside fountains covered with similar votive offerings. Hanway in his "Travels in Persia," says, "we arrived at a desolate caravanserai, where we found nothing but water: I observed a tree with a number of rags to the branches. These were so many charms, which passen-

gers coming from Ghilan, a place remarkable for agues, had left there, in a fond expectation of leaving their disease also in the same spot."—*N. P. Willis's Scenery of Ireland*, p. 54—5.

M.*—Page 147.

Baal's Bridge:—no doubt its name is derived from the Divinity of Ancient Ireland.

"According to Sanchoniathon, men in the third generation from Protogonus began to worship the sun under the name of Baal Samen. The Irish, and all the other Celtæ, worshipped the sun under the very same title of *beal Samam* the *Lord of Heaven*, and the æstuary of the Mersey is named *Æstuarium Belasamena* by Ptolemy."—*Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. 1. p. 63.

N.—Page 232.

"Mr. Clibborn explained that about five years ago, when in company with several advocates of the O'Brien theory of the Round Towers of Ireland, he was led to express an opinion, that possibly these buildings, though erected subsequently to the introduction of *nominal* Christianity into Ireland, might still have, to a certain extent, some analogies to views entertained by

* The Pools of Bethesda and Siloam, and the washing in the River Jordan afford proofs of the ancient practice of attempting to effect a cure through the medium of Holy Water.

the African and Asiatic ascetics, and which might have been imported into Ireland by the first Christians in the third century, who, if from Africa or Spain, may have brought with them more or less of Gnosticism. The first nominal Christians, if he had been correctly informed, who came to Ireland, were lay Ascetics; and like the Ascetics of Egypt and the East, they selected secluded valleys in the mountains, or islands in lakes, where they gave themselves up to those penitential observances calculated, according to their views, to destroy the "hylic or material," to humble and conquer the "psychic or animal," and to elevate and cultivate the "pneumatic or spiritual" principle of their natures.

It was argued that if the Tower was the residence of the Irish Ascetics during their lives, it may have been considered the type of the *plus* "male pneumatic," or spiritual principle; and so the earth, grave, crypt, or church near it, in which were deposited the bodies, or material principles of the deceased, originally derived from mother earth, may have been considered the type of the negative female, hylic, or material principle, and have been considered analogous to Ge, or De-Meter, to whom the body of the dead returned, by interment.

The "hylic principle" including the materials composing the body, was little more than the *locus where the battle of the two other principles was fought during*

the life of the Ascetic; and if he persevered to death in the practices prescribed for the evolution of the pneumatic principle, and lost his life in these observances, or in the fulfilment of the duties which belonged to this system, his victory over the hylic, or psychic principles was complete, and he was said to have arrived at "perfect virtue," and consequently became, according to Asiatic views, an inferior or little Bauddha, which *may, possibly,* give us an original of the name Monasterboyse, in Irish, the Monastery of *Boaithin,* or the little Bauddha. The legend of St. Columbe Cille, who struck his crozier against the glass ladder, by which he went to Heaven, which belongs to this place, and which strongly corroborates a Ceylonese legend, increases the suspicion, that the system which was called here Christian, originally may have been analogous to that Ascetic system which existed under the same name in Egypt and the East, and was closely allied to Bauddhism, which was, and is, a system of Asceticism, mixed up with more or less pure Gnosticism; for "the greatest parts of the Gnostics adopted very austere rules of life, recommended vigorous abstinence, and prescribed severe bodily mortifications, with the view of purifying and exalting the mind" like the Irish Ascetics. "These tenets were revived in Spain in the fourth century, by a Sect called Priscillianists," where

they may have been to a certain degree, suppressed by the instrumentality of Missionaries and Seculars from Rome. The same system which existed in Spain previously, and which planted those views thereafterwards, may have also planted them here; and the same means which suppressed them there for a time, may have here suppressed them: or there may have been, to a certain degree, for several centuries, a compromise between the advocates of both systems; and that which was finally adopted here, and called Christianity, may have, in a correct way, contained much Gnosticism, particularly that branch of it, which was adopted by the Ascetics, or Culdees, and small religious Communities, and by whom the first Towers may have been originally built. It is a curious circumstance, not hitherto noticed by any writer on the Round Towers, that the technical term for a Bauddhist Monastery in the East, is a *tower;* no matter whether it be a cave in the earth, or a cabin, or palace on its surface."—*Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy,* Vol. II. p. 566—9.

O.—Page 239.

Ware, in his work on the Antiquities of Ireland, states it as his opinion, that the Phœnicians were the original colonisers of this country, and that they used

boats made of osiers or wicker-work, and covered with skins, in which they navigated the bays and the mouths of the rivers. The ancient Irish, he says, made use of another kind of boat in the rivers and lakes, formed out of an oak wrought hollow, which is called by the Irish *coiti,* and by the English *cott,* a vessel well known to antiquity under other names. Pliny calls boats hollowed out of a single beam *monoxylæ,* from a Greek word of that import, and describes them to be—*lintres ex uno ligno excavatæ,—i. e.* boats formed out of one piece of timber wrought hollow.

And in another place Pliny relates that the German pirates sailed in boats hollowed out of single trees, each of which they made so large as to contain thirty men. —*Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy,* Vol. II. p. 248.

P.—Page 246.

LETRILLA.

A coger el trebol damas,
La mañana de San Juan,
A coger el trebol damas,
Qué despues no habrá lugar.
Salid con la aurora
Quando el campo dora;
Y veréis bordado,
De aljofar el prado,

Cogereis las flores,
De varios colores,
De que en vuestras faldas
Texereis guirnaldas,
Con qué al niño ciego
Podréis coronar:
A coger el trebol, etc.

Vereis como el alba
Haçe al mundo salva,
Y cantan las aves,
Con voces suaves;
Cristal transparente
Que por mil soslayos
Le hieren los rayos
A donde del fresco
Podréis bien gozar:
A coger el trebol etc.

Cogereis la rosa
La violeta hermosa,
El jazmin preciado,
Y el lirio [illegible],
Los roxos claveles,
Con los mirabeles,
Y á vueltas de grama,
Pagiza retama,
Con otras mil flores
Dignas de loar:
A coger el trebol etc.

See Quintana's Collection, Vol. II. p. 135.

END.

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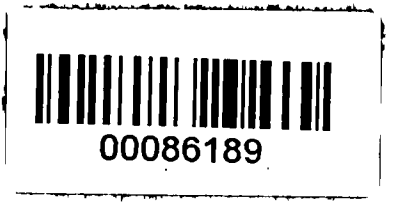
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